

# THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

**New and Improved Series.**

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

## THE EVENTS OF A VOYAGE.

I dreamed a dream that I had flung a chain  
Of roses around Love—I woke, and found  
I had chained Sorrow——

L. E. L.

"EVERY thing is ready, ma'am," said a grey-headed serving-man, on entering a drawing-room in Maddox Street, where were seated two ladies, evidently equipped for travelling.

There was a vast deal of bustle, (a thing, by-the-bye, I am remarkably fond of,) but which I shall not attempt to describe, as the subject has been most grievously hackneyed by almost every lady and gentleman who have either written, or attempted to write, novels. I shall therefore say nothing touching the hurrying of servants to and fro—the shaking of sundry hands, accompanied by divers good-byes and good wishes; neither shall I dwell upon the dark green chariot which was waiting at the door, loaded with a due proportion of packages of various shapes and sizes; from the portly and carefully matted trunks lashed to the roof and footboards of the vehicle, to the bandbox, secured with packthread, dangling from one corner of the dickey, the contents of which said bandbox seemed, by-the-bye, to be far from commensurate with the insignificance of its outside appearance, from the anxious solicitude concerning it displayed by the lady's maid, who was engaged in carrying on a hot dispute with the old servant who had the care of arranging the luggage, regarding the exposed situation to which he had mercilessly consigned "her last new bonnet."

Nor will I speak concerning the two postillions, who were busily employed at the door of a neighbouring public-house in pouring into glasses, from a small mysterious-looking pewter measure, a certain water-coloured

SEPT. 1831.

fluid, which they transferred from thence into their respective interiors with great symptoms of enjoyment.

But see—the steps are let down; and the two ladies, after an affectionate parting with the young gentleman, step into the carriage. The maid and serving-man mount the dickey, on the footboard of which a trunk being placed, causes their legs to stick out horizontally, on a level with the seat—the very picture of discomfort. The postillions mount their horses, crack their whips, and away whirls the carriage with its fair inmates.

Whilst the travellers are on their journey, we will, as briefly as possible, relate the cause of their departure, whither they are going, and afterwards, with the reader's permission, again meet them on board the ship which is to waft them from the shores of Albion.

Exactly three years before the period of which we are speaking, Edward Clarges left England for the purpose of filling a lucrative post in Calcutta. For some time previous he had been paying his addresses (as the common phrase runs) to Miss Augusta Vaughan, but notwithstanding an intimacy had subsisted between the young couple from their infancy, and which had continued in maturer years, there was an objection to their union. Edward, although the descendant of a highly respectable and ancient family, was deficient in fortune; his income, though tolerably liberal, being insufficient to maintain Miss Vaughan in that splendid style which the great wealth of her family had enabled her to support. This obstacle, however,

was removed by the before-mentioned appointment of young Clarges to a high and honourable post in India, and it was agreed that in three years his intended bride, accompanied by her mother, should join him in Calcutta, where the lovers were to be united. To the expiration of this term Edward had looked forward with feelings of anxious anticipation, and his impatience redoubled as the time arrived when he might conclude that his Augusta was on her way to crown his hopes with the wished-for prize. He trembled as he thought of the dangers and uncertainty of the element on which his treasure was embarked, and then would allay his fears with fond visions of happiness in the society of his expected bride.

Augusta Elizabeth Vaughan, for such were the names of our heroine, had just attained her twenty-first year when she left England. Naturally of a haughty spirit, her pride had been fostered by extreme indulgence on the part of a kind, but somewhat weak-headed, mother, who was her only surviving parent, and she grew up impatient of restraint. Her powers of perception were remarkably acute, her talents of the first-rate order, her sentiments energetic and masculine, and her passions fiery to a fault; still her disposition was good, and her inclinations charitable, though she never suffered humanity to gain the mastery over her judgment. In person Miss Vaughan was elegantly formed, yet tall and commanding; of a somewhat dark complexion; and her features, though rather strongly marked, were expressive, dignified, and eminently handsome. Her eyes, in spite of the darkness of her hair and skin, were of a light colour, and generally carried with them a soft expression, which greatly mellowed the otherwise stern cast of her features; yet, when their lovely owner was excited, none were more capable of assuming a piercing lustre, or darting terror in their glance. Miss Vaughan possessed a polished elegance of manner, which, though tinged with hauteur, rendered her an acquisition to every society formed of persons moving in her own sphere; but they were of that

nature, which, from absence of affability, repels an inferior, rather than soothes and encourages him. Possessed, as she was, of every accomplishment which could adorn the female sex, and a far greater proportion of energy and talent than generally falls to their lot, together with a large share of general knowledge, and unexcelled powers of conversation, no one could be more fascinating; and on the other hand, according to her humour, no one could be more repulsive, and even disagreeable, than Augusta Vaughan.

The contrast between this young lady and her destined husband was so great, that we might almost imagine each had assumed the attributes which ought to have belonged to the other. Edward Clarges was of a fair and pale complexion; a short and slender, but still elegant form; a disposition mild, confiding, and romantic; diffident in his manners; and, though really possessed of some talent and accomplishments, unobtrusive, and shy of displaying his true powers.

And how can two such opposite beings ever think of becoming man and wife?

I will tell you. They had been brought up from infancy together, received the rudiments of their education together, played together, and prayed together. It had always been the intention of the two families to unite them, and the children had been repeatedly told, so soon as they could understand what was meant, that they were to be man and wife. It was therefore looked upon by them as a matter of course—a thing settled, and not to be avoided even had they the wish so to do; and it is not rationally to be supposed that they would entertain an aversion to each other, although we may very reasonably consider that in consequence of having been in each other's society from their earliest years, that their attachment would partake more of the character of that subsisting between a brother and sister, than the ardent enthusiasm of lovers. This was not, however, the case with Edward Clarges, for with the first dawn of manhood he had imbibed sentiments towards Augusta which in-

crease of years ripened into a devoted and steady attachment; and not the absence of three years, nor the intercourse with the beauties of the east, could wean his deep-rooted affections from their first, dear, and only object. But with regard to the lady, as woman's love is a delicate subject to handle, we will only say that she had never seen a man whom she liked better. The marriage would have taken place some time before, but for the sudden death of old Mr. Clarges, when, on an investigation of his affairs, he was found not to have been so affluent as was supposed, which rendered it necessary, as we have seen, for the orphan Edward to amend his fortune under the burning Indian sun.

And now, to fulfil our promise of again meeting the ladies, we will view them at the precise moment of their entering the vessel.

Mrs. Vaughan and her daughter were received with much politeness by the captain, and ushered into the cabin, where were seated two gentlemen, who were introduced to them as Mr. Richard Cavendish, and the Rev. Francis Chambers.

The former was a tall, robust, and fine-looking man, about thirty, with harsh, but not unhandsome, features, and a naturally dark complexion, apparently still more embrowned by the influence of many a tropical ray. His coal-black hair curled over his ample forehead, and large bushy whiskers, and small mustaches, imparted something like ferocity to his strongly-lined countenance. But any unpleasant feeling which a stranger might imbibe on his first appearance was instantly dispelled upon the sound of his voice, so sweet, so melodious, and withal so deep, were its notes; like the modulated but full and rich tones of a cathedral organ. The address, too, of Richard Cavendish was acknowledged, by all who knew him, to be bland and fascinating in the extreme. His command of language, and powers of eloquence and argument, were unsurpassed; and so forcible, that his friends have been heard to say, "If Richard Cavendish chose to argue that black was white, he would convince you first, and laugh at you afterwards,

as he showed you how he might have been controverted."

This gentleman, for he carried with him every mark of gentle blood, was attired in a foraging cap, a blue surtout, with a fur collar, and dark grey pantaloons, and Hessian boots.

As to the reverend gentleman, he was a man apparently younger than his friend, and one of those plain, unpretending beings, who are not remarkable for any thing particular, but come under the common denomination of "plain good sort of men enough in their way."

Augusta's attention was much attracted by the elegant deportment and appearance of Mr. Cavendish, as he paid her the usual compliments, apologizing at the same time for a cigar which he had been recently smoking, not being aware that ladies were so soon expected. Despite of her proud nature, and the chilling reserve which she almost invariably assumed towards strangers, Augusta, in a short time, felt compelled, both from his dignified nobility of carriage, and from a feeling for which she could not account, to treat this man with a deferential respect which was before unknown to her.

In a short time the gentlemen politely left the cabin, and strolled upon deck. The evening was chilly, and Cavendish threw over his shoulders a large Spanish cloak, the ample folds of which, though they concealed the beauty of his form, added to his towering and commanding air.

"What do you think of our fellow voyagers?" said the clergyman to his companion, who was walking by his side, with a meditative and somewhat gloomy air.

"Faith," replied Cavendish, instantly, for he never suffered himself to be caught musing, or his attention abstracted from his company, "it is somewhat early to ask that question: we have scarce been an hour in their society."

"But I have seen instances, Richard, where your powers of discrimination have enabled you to penetrate a character in even a shorter time," observed Mr. Chambers.

"You flatter me," replied Caven-



dish, with a smile; "and yet it is true. But you must be aware that it depends much upon coinciding circumstances, and upon incidents occurring calculated to develop a character, whether I am able to do so or not. Briefly, however, the younger appears to be intellectual, and far above the common order of females. The elder is, at once, a mere—no body—a bore."

By this time they had reached the mizen-mast of the vessel, and, leaning against it, began conversing upon indifferent subjects.

In the mean time, the worthy Mrs. Vaughan was exhausting her stock of eloquence in praise of the fascinating stranger, and expatiating upon the delights they should experience in his conversation during their voyage. Augusta said little, but reflection was painted upon her brow; and her abstracted air betokened that her mind was employed, though her tongue was silent.

There were other passengers on board, but as our drama is to be principally played by the persons already introduced, we shall be silent concerning them. A week—a fortnight—a month passed on, and all appeared on excellent terms with each other as the ship made progress towards her destined haven.

One evening Cavendish was slowly pacing the deck, in company with Chambers, when he suddenly stopped short, and fixing his keen eye upon his companion, he said, in a slow and determined manner, as if in answer to some inquiry, "Frank, you know me! We were schoolfellows, chums, and, at times, have been travellers together. I believe you to be sincerely my friend, and therefore will own to you at once I am caught."

"Aha!" exclaimed Chambers; "you that have hitherto defied every kind of beauty of almost every country in the known world, have then, at last, yielded to the confessedly irresistible powers of woman."

"Pshaw!" replied Cavendish, "it is not her personal beauty that has attracted me; but there is a superiority of intellect, an energy of thought, a splendour of imagination

in that girl, that I never saw equalled in any clime I ever visited!"

"She is a remarkable woman, undoubtedly," said the young divine; "and I have frequently observed a congeniality of sentiment, and a decided similarity in many other points, between her and yourself."

"That comparison," returned Cavendish, "I consider as the highest personal compliment that could be offered to me, for Augusta Vaughan is my beau-ideal of perfection, that is, so far as human nature can advance towards that unattainable point; and so much am I enraptured with the rich beauties of her mind, that I am careless of those of her person, comparatively speaking."

"She is a charming creature, indeed," observed Chambers, "and well worthy of your pursuit, Richard. Have you inquired the reason of her taking this voyage?"

"Not yet," replied Cavendish; "but I shall embrace an early opportunity of learning it. Frank, I am determined to win that girl."

"Nay, be not so sure," returned his friend; "you cannot yet tell if she regards you with a favourable eye."

A slight sneer curled the lip of Richard, as he said, "Why then does she distinguish me from all others in the ship, at least as far as delicacy will allow? Have you never observed, Frank, the immeasurable distance at which she keeps our fellow voyagers, whilst she listens to my discourse with attention, and acquiesces in my opinions?"

"I have; as have also others," replied the clergyman. "But may not that be coquetry?"

"Coquetry!" interrupted Cavendish, in a tone nearly allied to indignation. "If Miss Vaughan has one spark of coquetry in her whole composition, I never was right in my estimation of human nature. Why, man, have you the least discernment? She is a thousand degrees too proud—has a thousand times too great a soul to be a coquette."

The conversation was now suspended by the approach of the young lady in question and her mother, who had



ascended for an evening stroll. The gentlemen offered their arms; the good-natured Chambers taking charge of the old lady, whilst Cavendish, his animated eyes sparkling with delight, gently passed the delicate arm of Augusta through his, and led her towards the taffrail, and, leaning against it, they contemplated "the vast expanse of deep blue waters" beneath.

It was a clear and beautiful evening. The heavens, "guiltless of a cloud," expanded far and wide, until terminated by the horizon, above which the moon, then just rising, threw her soft light along the bosom of the calm and serene ocean. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the stillness of the atmosphere shed a melancholy, yet pleasing, feeling over the breasts of every one present. All was quiet. Not even the noises so unceasingly heard on ship-board broke

through the serenity of the scene, for the vessel being becalmed, the sailors had nothing to employ themselves with, and were dispersed in small groupes about the rigging, or on the deck, conversing in a low tone, or playing at cribbage.

"Richard," said Mr. Chambers, "I wish you would oblige us with that favourite song of your's. It would harmonize well with the present scene; and I think the ladies would like it."

"Oh, pray do, Mr. Cavendish!" exclaimed both in a breath.

Richard, too polite to demur, when he knew himself to be capable, assented with a bow and smile, saying, at the same time, "With pleasure, if you will accompany me on your flute, Francis."

The instrument was soon produced, and Cavendish, without any hesitation, sang the following verses:—

"When we see the tall ship plough her way  
—As fleetly as the hind—  
With her sails all set in trim array,  
And swelling in the wind,  
We think of him—that Godlike man!—  
The mariner of yore,  
Who first despis'd pale Terror's ban,  
And sail'd from sight of shore.  
His bonny bark sprung, like the sea-bird among  
The sky-lashing waters whose tempests she braves,  
Through strange realms to roam, she left country and home,  
And abandon'd herself to the sea and its waves.  
Whilst the welkin rung  
With the mariner's cry,  
And Echo swift sprung  
With the "Hurrah!" on high.  
Echo!  
Echo! soft echo!  
Echo swift sprung with the "Hurrah!" on high!  
Next to him we'll laud the man who thought  
Of battling on the wave—  
Who defied the angry cannon's shot—  
The bravest 'mid the brave;  
But thrice bless'd he whose vessel dark  
The ocean cleft in twain,  
And woman bore in that proud bark  
In safety o'er the main!  
Like a spirit exhal'd from the waters she sail'd,  
And cheer'd the lone watch of the seamen with song,  
Oh! that musical sound such a spell cast around,  
That they wish'd she for ever its notes would prolong!

So gently it fell,  
Like the harp's softest sigh,  
That Echo the swell  
Scarce could whisper on high!

Echo!

Echo! soft Echo!

Echo the swell scarce could whisper on high."\*

Augusta stood entranced even after Richard had concluded. She had heard Braham in his most brilliant moments: she had heard the choicest singers of the Opera; but never had she heard a voice to surpass that of Cavendish. Full-toned, deep, and sonorous, it burst forth at parts where his judgment told him it was required into a grandeur approaching the sublime, and left a thrilling sensation through every vein of his auditors: then died away into a low kind of falsetto, so plaintive, and so melodious, that the tears trembled even in the eyelids of the haughty Augusta. As for Mrs. Vaughan, the crystal dew trickled down her cheek unrestrained, but her attention was so absorbed by the entrancing sounds, that she was apparently unconscious of it. The impression left by Cavendish singing was so strong, that his auditors could scarce believe he had concluded, and his bold, yet sweet notes, rang through the ears long after the termination of the song. The performance, also, of Mr. Chambers on the flute was excellent, and, no doubt from the frequent habit of accompanying his friend, he well understood Cavendish's style, and gave full play to his magnificent tones.

Mrs. Vaughan was loud in her commendations and gratulations. Richard received them with his usual smile and politeness, but his eye was secretly fixed upon Augusta's countenance, and he read in the expression of that face what flattered him more than a million praises uttered by a million mouths.

At night, when the company were assembled in the cabin, Richard was again pressed to sing, but he gently and urbanely, yet firmly, refused, pleading some insignificant excuse.

Richard Cavendish was a man who seldom acted without a motive. He knew the powers of his voice by experience, but feared that frequent repetition would weaken its impression in the quarter where he most wished it to take effect.

Instead, therefore, of hearing Cavendish sing, the company were compelled to listen to a fat, prosing old gentleman, with a red nose, who pertinaciously persevered in giving a long and dry detail of the causes which induced him to take the voyage to Calcutta, but, as they were principally connected with commerce and India bonds, we presume the relation would prove rather somniferous. When he had concluded the next person followed his example, and there seemed a sort of tacit consent from all, that each should, if they had no particular reasons for concealment, give a short relation of their motives for going to India. At last it came to Richard's turn, who, perceiving that all eyes were fixed upon him as if in expectation, said, in a gay tone, "For my part, I have no other motive than pleasure."

"Indeed!" said a pale-faced gentleman, who had been remarkably sick during the whole voyage; "I think it is rather too long a trip to be a very pleasurable one."

"Opinions differ, my dear sir," said Cavendish. "I started at twenty years of age on my travels for pleasure only, and have spent the last ten years in travelling for no other purpose. I have smoked the calumet with the American Indian, and fasted amid the trackless wilds of that vast continent: I have chewed opium with the Turk, smoked hookahs with the Persian, and drank a bottle of wine in the ear of

\* For the above lines I am indebted to the poetical talents of my friend, Mr. Edward Lancaster.

the Sphinx; thirsted amidst the burning sands of Araby; and was once obligingly mistaken for one of their own tribe by a company of very respectable ourang outangs. I have enjoyed music in Italy and the Tyrol; dancing amongst the French; nearly broken my neck down the precipices of the Alps, Appenines, and Pyrenees—to say nothing of the Heavenspiriting Andes—endured hardships, fatigue, and hairbreadth escapes in most countries, and all seasons; and yet here I am, and still travelling for pleasure.”

“May I be so bold, sir,” said the red-nosed gentleman, “as to inquire your country?”

“England, sir, England,” replied Cavendish; “which is the spot where I intend eventually to settle, that is to say, unless I find a superior attraction elsewhere;” and he fixed his full dark eyes for a moment upon those of Augusta, who sunk them beneath the glance. “Strange to say,” continued Richard, in a lighter tone, “that in all my travels I never found one thing in such perfection as I have since I entered within the limited compass of this vessel.”

“What is that?” inquired two or three voices at the same moment.

“Beautiful, accomplished, and really sensible women,” returned Cavendish.

The bow and smile which accompanied these few and trifling complimentary words, was directed indiscriminately round the fair circle, with such elegant dexterity, that each might with justice claim an equal share; but the eye, that dark expressive eye, in which his very soul seemed, at the moment, to hover, was fixed upon Augusta alone. And it was but for a moment!—the glance was transient; but it left an indelible stamp behind. No one perceived it but Augusta. She saw—she felt the expression of that look, and again her beautiful eyes sought the ground, and her cheek flushed a crimson dye with the emotions of her soul.

The loquacity of Mrs. Vaughan did not long leave the company in the dark as to the motives of her own and her daughter’s Indian excursion. A

minute observer might have seen Augusta’s eye raised slowly from the ground, at the mention of Edward Clarges’ name, and directed for a moment towards Cavendish, as if in comparison. A sigh stole from her bosom, and her lip slightly curled. It cannot be disguised longer. The sigh was for Richard—the scornful smile for the now forgotten, or, if not actually forgotten, the now despised, Edward.

“Edward Clarges!” repeated Cavendish, with surprise: “I knew him well—a fair-haired boy. He was my fag at Eton.”

The slight tone of superciliousness in which these words were uttered caused the blood to rush violently into the face and neck of Miss Vaughan. It was difficult to say whether the flush was the effect of anger or shame, but there appeared a tincture of both in the expression of her countenance at the conclusion of Richard’s observation. Soon afterwards Mr. Chambers rose from his seat, and quitted the cabin, motioning Richard to follow him.

Cavendish followed his friend to the deck, where the latter thus addressed him—

“Richard, it appears evident, from what I have observed this evening, that the affection which you recently confided to me is returned by Miss Vaughan; for I think appearances justify me in asserting that the *penchant* is equally strong on her side.”

“So much the better for me,” said Richard, carelessly twisting his finger round his mustaches.

“Hold there, Richard,” interrupted his friend; “so much the worse, you should rather say. Till now, my own sentiments on this affair were very different; but have we not this evening heard that Miss Vaughan is betrothed to a gentleman, whom she is going out to India for the express purpose of being married to?”

“Well,” said Richard, with a kind of half smile, on observing that his companion paused.

“Under these circumstances,” resumed Chambers, “do not honour and manly feeling forbid you to make any advances towards the young lady?”



"Certainly not," said Cavendish, coolly, but conclusively.

"They do not?" exclaimed the divine, in a surprised tone.

"Certainly not," repeated his friend. "Woman, Frank, is a prize that is free to be run for by every competitor who chooses; and until she be indissolubly united to one, all have a decided right to endeavour to gain her."

"True," said Chambers; "but remember that Mr. Clarges fights at a disadvantage, for he knows not of your manœuvres."

"Tut, tut, man!" said Cavendish, impatiently. "If you were the general of an army, opposed to another in battle, and you saw an opportunity, when, by a secret stratagem or feint, you might gain the victory, would you send a herald courteously to inform him of your intentions?"

Chambers was silent for a moment, and then said, "But, to continue your own metaphor, Mr. Clarges does not even know you are in the field."

"I cannot help that," returned Cavendish. "A wary leader ought always to be prepared for a surprize."

The conversation continued for some time in a similar strain. Chambers endeavouring, by every argument he could think of, to dissuade his friend from carrying on his attempts upon Miss Vaughan; and Cavendish, in his turn, by superior tact and address, overthrowing them as fast as they were adduced. Eventually, Chambers was puzzled and silenced, if not actually convinced; and the final result of their conference was, that he should not only abstain from any attempts to mar the progress of Cavendish in the favour of Augusta, but that he was to assist his designs to the utmost of his power.

"That is," said Chambers, as he consented to forward the plans of his friend, "if you will pledge me your word of honour that your intentions are honourable."

"Chambers," said Richard, somewhat indignantly, "Augusta is not the woman to be approached with a libertine thought, and I am the most unlikely man to attempt it. However, if it will satisfy your scruples,

here is my hand, and with it my honour, that I harbour not the remotest idea of aught save what is chaste."

"Richard!" exclaimed the young clergyman energetically, and grasping the hand of his friend, "I know you to have a princely heart—I know your honour sacred. You have assisted me, with a willing hand, in times of trouble and distress, and I here pledge myself, heart and hand, willingly in your service."

"Many thanks, Frank," said Cavendish. "Therefore, when we take our usual walk upon deck, pray keep the old woman at a reasonable distance from me, and engage her in some interesting conversation;—or no, the best way will be to listen graciously to her long stories. But let us return to the cabin."

"Stop," said Chambers, "I had nearly forgotten to mention one thing. I think you made use of an expression this evening greatly calculated to prejudice your cause with Miss Vaughan. Do you remember the contemptuous manner in which you spoke of her betrothed husband? Was that policy?"

"Decidedly so," responded Richard. "With a woman of another stamp I should have acted differently, but with a haughty nature like Augusta's, it was best calculated to take the effect I wished. Why, sir, that single expression was sufficient to make her hate the man. That she never loved him I feel tolerably certain, from some petty but coinciding circumstances; for I suffer few things to escape my observation."

"I saw the flush of anger upon her brow, as you spoke, however," said Chambers.

"Shame, Frank. It was shame caused the blood to mantle upon her cheek; shame that one who was known to be the betrothed husband of her—the proud and haughty Augusta Vaughan—should be designated as a fair-haired boy, and my fag. I'll grant the speech was discourteous, but it was well planted, and, I'll wager a hundred, took the effect I designed. Come, shall we return?"

The friends re-entered the cabin, and a few moments after they were

seated, the attention of every soul in company was riveted upon the sterling graces of Richard's conversation; he alone entertained his audience. Few spoke, save, perchance, a passing remark or question; whilst Cavendish related numberless original anecdotes, abounding with interest, interspersing them with lively and sarcastic remarks—the deep, rich tones of his voice imparting an additional charm to every word he uttered, and doubling the interest of every tale he told.

Mrs. Vaughan was somewhat hypochondriacal, and the next day was confined to her berth; but all the company, with the exception of her, were assembled at the usual dinner-hour in the state cabin, after which they strolled out, one by one, to different parts of the ship, and Augusta was left alone. She had not been so long before Cavendish entered, and, seating himself, opened a conversation.

"The monotony of a voyage is peculiarly irksome to an active mind," observed Richard.

"It is, indeed," replied Augusta. "This is the first time I ever travelled by sea, and I hope it will be the last; unless, indeed, it be a voyage back to England."

"It is your intention to settle in India for some time, I presume?"

"It is my fate, sir," replied Miss Vaughan, hastily; then, checking herself, she added, hesitatingly, "Of course—but—"

"No doubt," said Cavendish, interrupting her, without appearing to notice her confusion, "the happy Clarges is awaiting your arrival at Calcutta with the most pitiable impatience. Were I in his situation I should be on the rack of suspense: as it is, I am suffering far greater tortures than he can possibly feel."

"You?" said Augusta, bending her eyes upon him, for a moment, with a look of surprise.

"Aye, madam, I," replied Cavendish, with a deep sigh; "I am suffering the torments of hopeless, despairing love, whilst Clarges is blessed with the consent of her he adores, and will, ere long, obtain the object of his am-

bition. And it is ambition," continued he, speaking more rapidly, and with something of asperity in his accent. "I should as soon have thought of a peasant aspiring to a princess, as of the mild, pacific Edward (whom I remember well both at Eton and Oxford, where he was nicknamed 'The Boy,') wooing one so vastly, so immeasurably his superior: one," added he, rising into enthusiasm, "who is worthy to be contended for by the greatest warriors—one who might share the throne of a monarch!"

"Hold, Mr. Cavendish!" faltered Augusta; "remember that it is, in fact, my husband of whom you speak!"

"I care not!" exclaimed Richard, starting from his seat, and traversing the room with strong emotion—"By Heaven, I care not! Miss Vaughan, it is of no use dissembling longer, and stifling those feelings with which my heart is bursting. I am a travelled man—have associated with all kinds and complexions of women, from those in a barbarous state to the elegant dames of the most polished courts, but never till now did I feel woman's power, never till now did I know the strong emotions of love. Miss Vaughan," continued he, stopping short, and modulating the pitch of his voice, but not its impassioned tones, "from the first moment I saw you I loved you—loved you madly, devotedly, and my chains have been riveted daily by the discoveries I made, every hour, of the beauties of your mind, even excelling the transcendent ones of your person. By the Heaven above me, it makes my blood boil to think that one with such a queen-like soul should be tied to a puny boy like Clarges!"

During the time Cavendish was speaking Augusta trembled with emotion. The man before her possessed a congenial spirit with her own, bold, fiery, and ardent. She admired him—she feared, and with too much truth, that she loved him. The contrast she drew between him and her betrothed was every way unfavourable to Clarges, both as regarded mind and person. But a sense of propriety and of honour flashed upon her, and, col-

lecting her powerful energies, she rose up, and interrupted him with an austere look.

"Sir, you presume too much. You speak upon a subject that it neither becomes you to handle, or me to listen

to. Pardon me if I withdraw;" and quitted the cabin.

"Hear me, Miss Vaughan—" but she had vanished.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

### THE GIFTS RETURNED.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

TAKE back the Gifts of Love again,  
Which Passion bade thee send to me;—  
Take back the ring—take back the chain—  
They're thine—once more thy will is free!  
Take back the oath thy false lip breath'd,  
(That lip, which coldly mocks me now;—)  
The oath my trusting heart receiv'd  
As Truth's most pure and holy vow!  
Yes! take *all* back! nor idly fear  
I wish one relic to retain;—  
Of all the baubles held so dear,  
No broken link shall now remain!  
But give *me* back the tranquil mind—  
The smiling cheek—the laughing eye;  
The heart where peace itself was 'shrin'd,  
The breast that ne'er had heav'd a sigh!  
The guileless thought—the open brow—  
Ne'er clouded by deceit or care;—  
The bloom of heart—so blighted now—  
The spirit joyous—free as air!  
*Thou can'st not!*—it were vain to hide  
The pangs this struggling heart must prove;  
But know, at least, that Woman's PRIDE,  
For once, shall conquer Woman's LOVE!

### DEATH!

METHOUGHT 'twas midnight, and around my couch  
The flickering gleams of a small taper played  
That but made darkness visible, and I,  
Yes, I was dying; sinking, worn and faint,  
Into the grim recesses of the grave.  
Oh! God, how terrible did seem that hour!  
That quivering of heart, those sickly qualms,  
The chilliness that crept o'er all my limbs,  
And numbed my powers, and chained my spirit down,  
Trembling and quaking at I scarce knew what.  
And there were weeping friends about my bed,  
Gazing intently on my sunken eye,  
And whispering alternate hopes and fears.  
And then they spoke of deeds of kindness done,  
Of charities that graced my greener days,  
Forgetting, in their fond record of these,



The darker shadows of life's fading lamp.  
 And thou wert there, Maria, thou wert there,  
 And, licensed then, didst pour thy flood of grief,  
 Wipe from my lip the struggling dews of death,  
 And bade me live for thee—the love which ne'er,  
 Ne'er till that hour, had proved its power intense,  
 Now burst in full refulgence from thy heart.  
 That look, that pressure, that soul-lifted prayer—  
 Oh! it had almost checked the arm of Death,  
 As erst of old, 'mid Israel's host, 'twas stayed  
 By the soft balm distilled from angels' wings.  
 Anon, my breath grew thicker, and mine eyes  
 Did wander vacantly—my pulse was calm,  
 But my full heart could scarce contain the load  
 That pressed upon it. I essayed to speak—  
 To breathe a prayer—a fond, a last farewell—  
 But my dried tongue refused its office, pressed  
 Down to inaction by th' o'erburdened heart.  
 Thick darkness seemed approaching—every sense  
 Grew less and less in vigour—a cold sweat  
 Bedewed my forehead—and my cold limbs felt  
 As though a heavy burden weighed them down.  
 The room swam round—mine eyelids quivered—  
 And, save a chime, like that of distant harping,  
 I could hear nor voice nor sound. This grew faint  
 And fainter still, till, as a babe to rest,  
 I sank beneath a dull, unconscious sleep.

J. S. C.

### THE PIGEON,

OR FRENCH HAZARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

CONTEMPT is generally attached to his name who becomes a prey to the artifices of the gamester; a pigeon and a prodigal are very commonly considered as synonymous terms, but not justly so; in many instances he who, unmindful of the wise and beneficial purposes to which his fortune might be applied, allows himself to be the victim of the gaming-table, is an empty-brained being, who, if his money went not thus, would take some other vicious direction; or a half-proud, half-sensual brute, who dedicates his time, his treasure, and his constitution to a variety of pursuits, more or less criminal. The influence of bad example, and the subsequent force of bad habits, confirm the culprit in these base courses: he lives dishonoured, and he dies unregretted.

Very far, nevertheless, from this state is he who, in evil hour, may be

surprised into ruin of any kind, either of the table or the turf. Artlessness, in these cases, will betray him into what, in cooler moments, his soul abhors; and the more noble, generous, honourable, and free the victim is, the greater and more tragical the sacrifice.

I shall now take occasion to give a brief account of Charles Clermont, one of the noblest-hearted youths that ever existed. To a fine person, Nature had added a countenance beaming with benevolence, and lit up by an air of intellect which cast a dignity over the mildest features that ever represented a kind-hearted and gentle disposition. His life was one continued scene of amiable actions and graceful deportment. He excelled in every gentlemanlike accomplishment: he was a scholar, a musician, a linguist, a finished dancer and horseman; brave, generous, simple, yet well-bred; easy,

yet of studied politeness. To the softer sex he devoted much of his attention, having admiration and assiduity for every woman, and a heart for one alone. At school, at college, at his regiment, abroad and at home, every where he was a favourite, without ever presuming on the preference so justly bestowed upon him; he could amuse a circle by his social talents, yet listen respectfully to age and experience.

If Nature had gifted him with many advantages of mind and body, Fortune had not been equally favourable to him. He inherited an encumbered estate, and further lessened his means by honourably paying debts of his late father's, which the law could not enforce. To do this, he parted with all his landed property; and after purchasing a cornetcy of dragoons, he found himself with a very few thousand pounds. These were again diminished by rescuing a brother officer from ruin; and he now drew up (if we may use the expression) with the pay of his rank (advanced to a lieutenantcy) and the interest of four thousand pounds. On this he lived honourably and genteelly, with a certain degree of economy, but with an enlarged heart and the respect and esteem of his whole corps.

He had been, from an early age, attached to a young lady, every way suitable in birth, beauty, education, and age, but who looked forward to the demise of a rich uncle for her best prospects, and who lived with her widowed mother. Charles Clermont had likewise a fortune in expectancy, but it was somewhat remote; and, under those circumstances, he had too much generosity and true love to plunge the woman of his heart into poverty and privations. He therefore looked to promotion, and to the double chances before him, for a happy union with the object of his affection, a noble-spirited girl, who was ready at any moment to sacrifice all anticipations of wealth, and to share his fate, whatever it might be. An uninterrupted and undisguised correspondence existed between them, and now he was on leave of absence, in London, enjoying her society, and receiving

the welcome of a numerous circle, in which he moved with becoming distinction.

It happened one day, as he strolled into Tattersal's, just to see what was going on, that he met with Augustus Mortimer, the very brother officer whom he had so benevolently relieved from prison, and who had since that time sold out, lived a great deal on the continent, and passed through a variety of vicissitudes. The meeting of the two friends was most joyous—to Charles it was delightful. The remembrance of the good which he had done gratified his heart, the recollection of early days and early pleasures gilded over the pages of memory, a renewal of all the relations of amity dawned in pleasing perspective before him, and life's landscape was all light and beauty. Charles was in nowise altered—not so his former comrade. He, after having lavished away his paternal inheritance, exchanged, sold out, visited foreign shores, and passed through a chequered scene of excesses and extremes; had rubbed off all that bloom which adorns the youth of high sentiment and scrupulous principle; in a word, he had become, *not* the old soldier in military science and in arms, but in worldliness, cunning, art, and subtle plausibilities; a man of resources, ways and means, complaisant, pliable, readily turned to diverse purposes, all hinging on self-interest and the love of gain. The difficulties which he had witnessed made him cold and calculating; the hardships which he had endured, and the deceit practised on him, rendered him heartless, and, ultimately, unprincipled. He was now no longer a fit companion for the open-hearted Charles Clermont, and the consequence of their renewal of intimacy clearly proved this fact.

When the first effusions of joy were poured out, and after a mutual wish was expressed of celebrating, at the festive board, the triumphs which deep-rooted regard can achieve over distance and time, the old soldier (unworthy so to be called) thought not how he was to make his friend, his benefactor, him who had served him

—served him in the hour of need and trial—happy, how to testify his gratitude, but he calculated how he could turn him to account, how he could immolate him at the altar of avarice; and whilst the noble Charles was preparing for the banquet of friendship, was expanding every tube of his heart in kindness towards a brother in arms, that monster was preparing poison for his cup—plotting his ruin.

Charles Clermont was in the habit of passing most of his evenings in the society of his bosom friend—in her's whom he looked forward to calling his own—either at her own house or in the society of mutual friends; but upon this occasion, the meeting of a brother officer after so long a separation, he wrote an affectionate excuse, and prepared to dedicate the evening to the pleasures of memory and to the social bowl. The false friend had other game in view, and after plying his credulous companion with intoxicating liquor, a supposed friend, a noted blackleg, was introduced, a *ci-devant* Major B—, (these *ci-devant militaires*, who have deserted their king's colours for the ruinous red and black of the card-table, are desperate renegades,) and French hazard was proposed. The love of novelty, added to complaisance, prevented the novice from refusing to accede to the fatal proposal. Dice were called for, champagne punch was ordered as a stimulus to the player, and the scene of iniquity commenced. Charles Clermont began by winning largely of the self-styled major. Luck then alternated for a short time; a heavy stake was set by the major, calculating on the short continuance of fortune, and the victim threw out. The major now took the box, and threw in sixteen times successively, whilst the decoy advised him whom he designed to betray to lay it on heavily, as the only means to win back his money, setting the same example himself; the consequence of which was, that the pigeon lost five hundred pounds more than what he possessed in funded property, and gave an acceptance at sight for what he had in the funds, and an I. O. U. for the five hundred, payable in three days, that he might have time

to complete his ruin by raising that sum, which could only be done by the sale of his commission.

Frantic with despair he retired, at daylight, to his lodging, to ruminate on his folly, or, rather, on the aberration of his reason, under the influence of wine. Sleep was a stranger to his eyelids, and as day progressed, his misery and overthrow stared him more glaringly in the face. Now, for the first time, he dared not call upon his mother, (for he was a widow's son, the pride of her heart, the comfort of her loneliness;) now, also, for the very first time in his existence, did he stoop to a statement departing from truth: thrice did he dash the pen from him, and thrice did the burning blush of shame cover his manly cheek, as he penned an apology to his mother, and another to his bosom-friend, for omitting his morning call: sickness was the cause alleged; and he was sick at heart; but he could not venture to explain this, and therefore called it a violent cold.

His reflections were now agonizing: he had, in a few hours, cast from him that which enabled him to keep a certain station in his regiment, and which, added to what might fall in, and the prospect of promotion, promised a comfortable and honourable evening of life, and, what was still dearer to him, might put him in possession of her for whom he lived. Now must he quit the army, a profession of which he was justly proud, and how was he to exist upon a few remaining hundred pounds, after the sale of his commission? how was he to forego all the comforts and elegances of life? for he must part with horses, servant, the society which he frequented, and fly to some wretched, secluded spot; but, above every thing, how could he for ever leave a fond parent, and renounce all pretensions to the hand of his beloved? Fury and vexation rose in his breast almost to suffocation: at this moment his false friend made his appearance. "I wish Major B— had been at Jericho," cried he, on entering the room, "before I had introduced him to you! but who was to look for such diabolical luck? I am minus five thousand pounds by last



night's work." "Ha!" interrupted Charles, "I am glad you are so rich:" he was going to say you can pay me what I formerly lent you, but delicacy bridled his tongue. "Yes," replied the betrayer, "I have a few thousands at command, and you shall find the benefit of them by and bye; but that requires time and explanation: in the mean time all is not lost, I have a plan; by the way, I hope you have paid the major the larger sum, for these debts of honour admit no delay." "Yes," sighed out the pigeon, "I have instructed a broker to sell out for me, and my faithful servant is to wait on the major with the money: I suppose he will receive it before his dinner, which (in a tone as if he felt cut to the quick) I hope he may eat with a good appetite." "Oh! d—n him!" answered the deceiver, "these fellows would swallow any thing; he'd cut you and I up if he could—a determined player has no qualms: besides, he is a most fair, honourable fellow, and has lost a princely fortune; so, you know, he must win sometimes; but I'll be up-sides with dame Chance: I have a plan; get a pack of cards." Here he explained to him a system of fair play by calculation, as he called it, and showed him how to make a run at *rouge et noir*. "Now," concluded he, "dine with me quietly, and let us go to a public table; all is fair and above board there; and, I will answer for it, with twenty pounds you shall break the bank, and so on, night after night, until you have won as much as you like." "I only want my own back again," said Clermont. "Make sure of that," replied the villain. "Can you lend me that sum?" "No, faith, I scraped together all my disposable capital to pay the major, and have only a few pounds left; but they will credit me at the table, and you can raise the twenty on some valuables."

Charles at first refused, but was over-persuaded, and plied with some Curaçoa, which altered his opinions on the matter, as he listened to accounts of peers and other great men who melted their family plate and jewels to enter into a gaming speculation. The dinner hour came, but

Charles did not eat an ounce. One bottle of Madeira, and one of Champagne, strong coffee and liqueur, at last braced up his nerves, and to the gaming-table he proceeded with his black guide. The forces of the pandemonium were assembled: the major was in their dark ranks: he accosted Charles Clermont familiarly, but was received coolly. They sat down to play; the calculation went on to a charm for a time, odd looks being exchanged betwixt the dealer, the decoy, and a plausible fellow, one of the proprietors: the losing colour now ran on, with *après*, until the pigeon lost to the very last farthing of what his lieutenancy would fetch, at the regulation; further he dared not go. After the loss of the twenty pounds which he brought with him, the table credited him, at the request of the execrable Mortimer, and the victim's I. O. U.'s were flying in all directions: he left these infernal regions in a despair beyond expression; speak he could not: he almost entertained thoughts of revenge on his betrayer, who, however, bid him be a man, and not repine, and promised pecuniary aid in a few hours, for it was already morning.

Clermont entered his lodgings abruptly, and with an air which made his faithful servant fear that he was deeply disordered, either in mind or body: he swallowed a glass of brandy, and cast himself, dressed as he was, on his bed, ordering his servant not to call him until Mortimer should come: he slept not a wink, but rose and repeated the glass of brandy: a fever raged in his veins. Noon struck, and no news of Mortimer: he now rang his bell, complained of the toothache, and sent for opium, at the same time directing his servant to fetch his late comrade. He returned with the tidings of his having left for Paris. Clermont gave a deep sigh, and motioned his servant to withdraw. Soon after a loud knock was heard at the street-door: it proceeded from a messenger from a gentleman of the gaming establishment, the principal member of this copartnership of plunderers: the bearer of the letter came to demand the debt. It was too late; Clermont had cancelled the debt of

Nature by taking it into his own hands, and thus rashly discharging it before its time. Heavens!—but here let me stop: he was insane—he had swallowed the poison ere the effects of intoxication had ceased: the opium drove him mad, and finding its operation too slow, and too painful, he drew the fatal trigger of a pistol which fronted him, suspended beside that sword which erst he wielded with so much valour. Oh! that it had helped him to a better end! that profound sleep had brought him to another state of mind! he then could not—he would not—enough!

Thus was the widow childless; the promised wife in the widowhood of the soul; the family to which this honourable, unfortunate young man belonged lost its representative, and was brought to nothing; the service

was deprived of a bright ornament; and Genius saw no more of a favourite child: the lustre of a short but amiable life was sullied by one imprudence, and virtue was obscured by an act of insanity, bearing an impression which it is heart-rending to look upon. What a world of happy anticipations now vanished like passing dreams and impalpable substances! for now had the rich uncle of the expectant bride breathed his last, and now had one of those contingencies which the soldier looks up to given a step to the departed (had he lived). All this too for what? for cards and dice, *rouge et noir*, and *French hazard*!! Perish the thought! and may he die by the die who lives by it! is the anathema pronounced on its professors by

THE FRIEND OF THE DEPARTED.

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## THE BANNER OF OUR FATHERS.

BY JAMES KNOX.

THE Banner of our Fathers!

It hath floated far and wide,  
When the foemen pour'd their numbers  
In a dark unbroken tide:  
It mounted like the eagle,  
Springing upward to the skies,  
And led its gallant followers on  
To a thousand victories.

The Banner of our Fathers!

There is not a stain upon  
Its snowy folds, that fluttered  
In many a noontide sun;  
Oh! proudly, 'mid the carnage  
And the horror of the fight,  
It stream'd, like some wild meteor beam,  
In the gloominess of night.

The Banner of our Fathers!

It woos the breezes now,  
And mighty ones surround it  
With a calm and fearless brow:  
Bright falchions are unsheathed,  
And lances gleam on high,  
And on we march, with hearts resolv'd  
To conquer or to die!

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## TO MARIA.

ON HEARING HER SING "OH HAD I JUBAL'S LYRE!" ACCOMPANYING IT ON THE PIANO.

JUBAL, the pride of Judah's race,  
Inventor of the lyre,  
And Miriam's tuneful voice combin'd,  
Could Israel's sons inspire.

But oh! had Jubal heard thy lips  
Breathe for that lyre a pray'r,  
His saintly finger'd chords would prove  
That greater skill was there.

Miriam would own far higher strains  
Than Israel's daughter sung,  
Confess thy sweeter art, and hang,  
Enraptur'd, on thy tongue.

Oh! may those soft, melodious pow'rs,  
To thee so largely given,  
Be tun'd, when here they cease to charm,  
To loftier songs in Heaven.

X.

## SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

## No. IV.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

*(Continued from page 74.)*

SEVERAL days passed before any appearance of the betrayer took place; nevertheless, the supposed invalid recovered her health, took pains to preserve or restore her beauty, and especial care to insist on the absolute necessity of taking walks in the pleasure grounds during those hours when the company in the house were known to be engaged. These walks had been sufficiently prolonged to show glancing eyes and lingering walkers a sylph-like form, vanishing as if by magic, sometimes caught in an attitude of distress, sometimes tripping with the steps of a fairy or the grace of a goddess. Whispers and conjectures were afloat on every side, and the countess greatly doubted her own power of controlling or benefiting the beautiful and wayward being, who had in the first instance so forcibly awakened her humanity.

It was, therefore, to her a relief when the Honourable Captain —

was announced as earnestly entreating a private interview; yet she armed herself with all the terrors her commanding gait and expressive countenance could assume, and entered the room, determined not only to reproach him for forsaking his victim, but insist upon the degree of restitution his marriage with her might be supposed to bestow.\*

But on whom could she wreak the vengeance due to guilt? on whom could she pour the reproaches so well merited by the base seducer? Not on the pale, haggard, and evidently suffering youth before her; for if he were the culprit, surely his sins were already punished, and it was not possible for even offended virtue to add torture to one already on the rack.

Lady — stood silently viewing a countenance which appeared as singularly ingenuous in expression as fine in feature, unable to execute her purpose; whilst her visitant recovered

\* These circumstances took place before the law forbade the parties to marry immediately.



some degree of self-possession. His first words were those of gratitude, warm, animated gratitude, to her for having accorded pity and protection to Lady Margaretta.

"This is strange language from one who himself forsook her."

"Forsook! oh, no! I was compelled to leave her, to fly to my uncle, and implore his assistance, to pay the—the—the—"

"The disgraceful debt you have incurred."

"Aye! the *indelibly* disgraceful debt! I have sought him in vain; my ruin is complete, for my father cannot help me. My commission must be sold—sold even at this moment, when I am ordered to the Peninsula—there, *there* is the agony—dishonour on dishonour."

As these words were uttered the young officer flung himself, in the desperation of his anguish, on a sofa near him, and, hiding his face with his hands, gave himself up to uncontrollable sorrow. Lady —, unwilling to employ a servant, went herself for her protégée, whom she warmly reproached for misrepresenting the cause of his absence, and whom she made the witness of his present affliction as a punishment. Little sympathy was, however, evinced on her part towards his sorrow, and when she had been assured by him, that he had procured no money from his uncle, and was liable to be thrown into prison every hour, she observed only, "All this had been talked about often enough: he had better sell his commission at once, and pay the man, seeing it was but a trifle."

"It is but little," said Lady H —; "but, in my opinion, sadly too much for a woman who can speak thus lightly of a husband's duties. Young gentleman," said she, turning to him, "if you sell your commission I tell you, as a soldier's wife, it is my decided opinion that you should enter the ranks, and proceed on the expedition to which you are called."

"Most fervently do I thank you—most willingly will I enter on such duty: 'tis the only way of preserving, of *redeeming* my character; and if a life (a long life, perhaps,) of hardship, SEPT. 1831.

exertion, privation, will in any measure atone for an hour of madness and guilty fascination—"

"But you don't suppose I will marry you in such a case?" cried the beauty: "you must be positively beside yourself to think of degrading me so low."

"You have already degraded yourself far below the wife of the *lowest*, Margaret, so say nothing on that subject: it is true you cannot support yourself, and your maintenance is a matter for consideration; I can only say that, if you accompany your husband, for I take it for granted you are on the point of marriage, I will pay for your board in a convent, so long as it shall be deemed desirable by your husband."

The bridegroom-elect expressed sincere thanks, but the lady murmured, and they again parted, apparently in mutual disgust, the latter protesting against his romantic notions of honour, which had certainly been her ruin, since it was owing to them that she had ever left her husband, to whom *he* had been anxious to make reparation, in her opinion very unnecessarily.

Lady — was horror-struck by every opening which a creature so young and so fair made in her heart: she almost thought, with Othello, that if she permitted her to go again into the world she "would betray more men;" and doubted her own right to marry an evidently noble and generous-hearted man, to one so utterly incapable of constituting a helpmate for him: still, the memory of her mother, the hope that his fine person and amiable qualities would, in time, implant a superior sentiment of attachment in her bosom to any she had yet experienced, and, perhaps, the desire to rid her own hands of one she now felt to be a burden of no ordinary magnitude, combined to render her instrumental to their immediate union, and to that arrangement of Captain —'s affairs, which preserved his commission, and facilitated the departure of both.

Scarcely had the parties arrived in the Peninsula, when the Countess of — accompanied her lord to a north-

ern state, whither he was sent on an embassy. She did not depart without making an arrangement for fulfilling her promise of remitting such a sum as would suffice for the maintenance of her friend's daughter, who, having been portionless, was not provided for by law. In making this arrangement she learnt that, previous to leaving the kingdom, Lady Margaretta had disposed of some valuable diamonds, received as presents on her marriage, and which she must have had upon her person at the very time when her lover was experiencing such extreme distress. This fact struck Lady — as the very acme of selfishness, cruelty, and deceit, and as a decided proof that her own anxious lessons of religious repentance and future virtue had been completely thrown away upon a callous and wicked heart.

Bitterly did she now repent having been instrumental in restoring such a woman to society; but as she found that she was now placed in a convent in Spain as a boarder, there was some consolation in believing her to be safe, and her husband free to follow his arduous duties. He was spoken of for some time in the dispatches as a brave officer, rapidly advancing in his profession; but about the period of the countess's return to England, they included him among the "dangerously wounded." From a private letter she learnt that his death would be exceedingly lamented by all who knew him, since he was a man beloved for his amiable manners, honoured for his uprightness, but pitied on account of that settled melancholy which, despite of his youth, and his success, constantly affected his mind: the writer added, that his wife had been sent for, at his earnest request, from a distant convent.

No further news transpired, but his death being unannounced the countess concluded that he lived, most probably, a mutilated invalid and a wretched man; and so unhappy did she become under this persuasion, that, for the first time, she confided her fears and

uneasiness to a lovely girl who now resided with her as a ward of the earl's. In thus easing her own heart she adverted not to the disgraceful part of Lady Margaretta's story, but to her deceitful nature, her ignorance of the duties befitting her sex, and her utter incapability of soothing the pillow of sickness to one who had himself manifested, so far as she had seen, a disposition entirely the reverse of coldness and heartlessness.

The countess was eloquent, and naturally led to speak with deep emotion on the sufferings of a wounded soldier in a land of strangers, for she had often witnessed them. In demanding attention she excited sympathy beyond her wishes, for not only had she checked the vivacity of her beloved Matilda, but imbued her mind with pity so tender, esteem so absolute, that it appeared as if she had determined to devote herself exclusively to the performance of those duties she had been thus led to admire. Young, fair, and noble, she was sought by many who were not only unexceptionable, but admirable, and, as an orphan, it would have been well if she had chosen a protector; but although the countess, on perceiving her own error, endeavoured to direct her views, or affectionately pressed her to decide in favour of a deserving suitor, Matilda continued single. Her spirits recovered their tone, but her mind retained its predilection—she must be the wife of a soldier and a sufferer.

Meantime no news arrived of Lady Margaretta; but her husband, as General —, was again in the field, and his wife's annuity was no longer demanded, (his own increased pay accounted for this, especially as his father, a worthless spendthrift, had also died;) but it was strange that he wrote not on resigning it, and inconsistent with his general character. The countess mentioned her present surprise and uneasiness not to Matilda, but the earl her husband.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## WHEN YOU SEE HER SMILING.

BY F. W. N. BAYLEY, ESQ.

WHEN you see her smiling,  
 Summer time beguiling,  
     Seeking pleasure yet ;  
 Joy's sweet harvest reaping,  
 Tell her I am weeping

    With sorrow and regret ;  
 Say when lovers press her,  
 And when friends caress her,  
 That 'tis I who bless her

    In my fervour yet !  
 And when crowds pursue her,  
 Tell her they who woo her,  
 Are not fonder, truer,

    Tho' she said—forget !

Tell her when I found her  
 With the many round her,  
     Young and joyous yet ;  
 That my hopes were dying,  
 And my soul was sighing,  
     For bliss it could not get ;

Say the melting lyre,  
 That could once inspire  
 Love and glory's fire,

    Is not sounding yet :  
 Say its chords are breaking,  
 While she is forsaking,  
 One whose heart is aching,  
     Trying to forget !

Tell her I am going  
 Where the pure stream flowing,  
     Gently murmurs yet ;  
 O'er the green bank playing,  
 Where I found her straying  
     In beauty when we met !

Tell her how I love her,  
 Though the days are over  
 When I used to move her ;  
     And that memory yet  
 Brings me back the hours,  
 When hearts and hopes of ours  
 Were blooming like the flowers,  
     And say I can't forget !

## LINES.

BY LORD G——.

I RAIS'D a blush on Emma's cheek,  
 By looks which I could not control,  
 A cloud o'erspread her features meek,  
 And sorrow sunk into my soul ;  
 Dear, gentle Emma, smile again,  
 Speak, if it be but to reprove,  
 Allay my bosom's thrilling pain,  
 And I'll do aught but cease to love.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

It was on the 1st of May, 1798, that a merry group assembled round the parish church at Gravesend, apparently on the tiptoe of expectation, awaiting the arrival of some presiding genius, who should touch, as it were, the spring of their festivities, and set in motion their anticipated enjoyments. Presently the spectator might have perceived an interesting party slowly advancing up the neighbouring green, preceded by two little children, dressed in white, who were scattering flowers at the feet of an elegant-looking couple, the one a young man of commanding figure, and fine, expressive features, and the other a beautiful girl of nineteen, whose long, auburn tresses floated on the shoulders of a form the most exquisite I ever beheld. They were followed by the sister and father of the bride—the latter, an officer in the Company's service, leaning on the arm of a young friend of the bridegroom—one who had been his companion in the days of childhood, had clung to him in all the perils of land and sea, and who rejoiced to witness the completion of that happiness which had been to Alfred a beacon of hope in danger, a light shining in darkness, before which every other orb grew dim. A loud cheer from the assembled multitude hailed their approach, and soon, united in hand as they had long been in heart, my friend clasped his Fanny to his bosom, and felt, indeed, that the power of Heaven had "joined" them.

Alfred was an orphan, and had early been taken under the guardianship of Captain Sharpe, who instructed him in the way to acquire an honourable competence, and, finally, having procured for him the appointment of second officer on board his own ship, bestowed on his earnest entreaties the hand of his second daughter. They were to sail for the Cape on the following morning, and, accompanied by an only sister, the bride had resolved to follow her lover.

It was late in the afternoon, and a thick haze visible over the weather

bow attracted the observation of the captain. "We must make all taut, my lads," cried he, "there'll be foul weather to-night;" and the swelling studding-sails were immediately taken down, the top-gallant-sails lowered, and two reefs taken in the main-sail. These preparations were scarcely completed when the wind blew with some violence; and, increasing towards midnight, the captain, being abreast of Dunnose, determined to cast anchor. On the following morning the gale increased, and as the ship was fast driving towards shore, we found it expedient to heave our anchor and set sail, carrying just canvass sufficient to keep us off the coast.

About twelve o'clock at night a large quantity of water was shipped on the gun-deck, and we found, on sounding the well, that the ship had sprung a leak, and had already eighteen inches water in the hold. Alfred and myself by turns took our stand at the pumps, and, in the interval, did all in our power to cheer the ladies in the cabin, whose alarm greatly magnified the danger which really existed. The two sisters were the most calm and collected of the party. Seated side by side, the arm of each round the waist of the other, they were attentively perusing an old Bible which lay on the table, and humbly confiding their destiny to that Almighty Being whose voice "calmed the waves, and they were still."

All night did the tempest continue, and finding that the ship would not answer to the helm, we deemed it advisable to cut away the masts. In the evening, however, the storm in some measure abated, and the atmosphere becoming more clear, the Berryhead was distinguishable at some distance, and, erecting jury-masts, Captain Sharpe resolved on bearing up for Portsmouth. On the 5th the weather again grew thick, and a heavy gale came on; the haze dispersed before night, and we discerned St. Alban's head, scarcely two miles distant to leeward. All sail was immediately taken in, and the bower and



sheet anchors dropped, but the gale increased to a hurricane, and the ship drove again. Our situation was now perilous indeed: night came on: the rudder broke—the ship, consequently, became unmanageable, and was evidently fast driving towards shore. I observed the men staring at each other, yet not sensible on whom they looked—every effort seemed paralyzed—every nerve unstrung. Vain were the endeavours of Captain Sharpe, Alfred, and myself, to instil fresh courage into the hearts of our fellows, by turns cheering them with hope, and, anon, upbraiding them with pusillanimity. At length, finding our case desperate, I determined on an expedient which, in conjunction with Alfred, I soon carried into effect. With a little persuasion we induced our two fair friends in the cabin to come upon deck. At the sight of them all the energy of the British tar revived, three cheers were given, and not a hand but grasped a rope, or employed itself on some useful calling. I must confess, however, that I had long given up all idea of escape; and when, at length, a frightful wave dashed us upon a pointed rock, I, of all the crew, felt, perhaps, the least horror at a result which I had thus anticipated. The shock, however, was tremendous. The water, immediately rushing in a torrent to the cabin, drowned several; while most of those who escaped to the deck merely procrastinated a destiny which it was evident could not be long protracted. The jury-masts shortly after this went by the board, and our thoughts were now only bent on the best means of saving our lives. At this moment the scene which presented itself can be but very faintly described. Above, dark black clouds rolling one over the other, through which the moon, occasionally beaming faintly, served only to make more visible surrounding horrors: behind, mountainous waves, striving, as it were, with the heavens they seemed to touch: before, a wild, rugged cliff, guarded by rocks, whose sharp points, like a natural *chevaux-de-frize*, bade defiance to the shipwrecked mariner who approached them: while upon deck, crowded to-

gether, were horror-stricken women, their wet and disordered hair rioting with the breeze, some maddened with fear, some long lost to their dreadful situation in an unconscious swoon, and some calling loudly upon their friends, or imploring their God for pity and forgiveness. And there was one whom I had known as a professed Atheist now experiencing and bearing testimony to the falsity of his principles. He who had, for years, in the bright and cheering sun of his prosperity, bearded and profaned the sacred presence of the Almighty, might now be seen weeping and wailing his past offences, raising his cowardly hands to heaven, and calling upon the mercy of his God. The next object to which my attention was directed was a pleasing contrast to this turbulent scene. There were placed in the round-house three chairs—in the midst sat the mild and excellent Captain Sharpe, clasping round the waist, and casting occasional melancholy glances on, his two daughters, who sat at either side. I drew near unobserved by them. How was I surprised to find that at that moment, while all around was dread and consternation, the beautiful hymn of the divine Handel,

“Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh! take me to your care,”

was warbled by the lips of this interesting trio, and was, I doubt not, receiving a soothing response from the harps of those tutelary seraphims who fluttered their golden wings above them.

“But where is Alfred?” silently ejaculated I. Before I had time to determine the occasion of his absence, a slight cheer from a crowd of sailors collected at the stern led me to that direction. Presently I perceived a being battling with the surge—now nearly touching the cliff—now driven almost back to our shattered vessel; and, ever and anon, in the utmost danger of being hurled on those pointed rocks to which I have before alluded. At last, seizing on a stone which projected from the cliff, he grasped it tightly, and, waiting until the billow had spent its rage, arrived, after a fearful struggle, to a firm foot-

ing. It was then, for the first time, that I recognized Alfred, who, with a rope round his waist, had taken the daring step of staking his own life in the hope of saving those of his fellows. "The example must be followed, and quickly," said I: "let the brave follow me—the coward remain;" and I dashed into the billow. About twenty of the crew accompanied me: many more would have followed, but I motioned with my hand that they should remain behind, to assist the women and children. After numerous vexations, perils, and buffetings, only five amongst us reached the shore—the remainder were either drowned in the attempt, or dashed to atoms upon the projecting rocks. Our first act on landing was to offer a thanksgiving to the Author of our preservation; the next, to determine in what manner we could best effect the succour of the remaining crew. The wind had at this period greatly lulled—so much so, that with a speaking trumpet which one of the men had had the presence of mind to bring with him, we could, at times, make ourselves distinctly heard on board the wreck. To the rope which Alfred had tied round his waist, one end being on board, a cable was attached, and, by this means, we contrived to haul on shore about thirty of the sufferers, and to return it again for a fresh drag. Many, however, who were worn out by cold, fatigue, or agitation, died ere they reached the coast, or, letting go their hold, were engulfed in the deep abyss. Captain Sharpe, with all that obstinacy which knits a British seaman, in the most perilous moments, to his duty, positively resolved to be the last man to quit the ship, exercising, nevertheless, all his persuasive energies to induce his daughters to avail themselves of the only chance of escape, by clinging to the cable. Nothing, however, could induce them to leave his side—in vain did the words "My wife, my own, my dearest, save yourself! for my sake come!" float to her ears—Fanny merely pointed, in answer, to her father, and would not be persuaded to desert him. Alfred, maddened with despair, would

have rushed into the boiling element to endeavour to gain the vessel, and, by force, have compelled her to obey him: thrice did he make the desperate attempt, but seeing, plainly, that such a step would have been to one at least inevitable death, I each time held him back—he became furious—reviled me as his foe—the murderer of his wife, thus to deprive her of the only means of succour, till, at length, in common mercy, I was compelled to pin him to the earth, and to set a guard over him, to prevent his suicidal rashness.

The last time I beheld the interesting trio, (for it was now broad daylight, and a number of peasants had arrived to our assistance,) they were standing upon the stern, linked heart to heart, the father pointing to the shore, and seemingly almost commanding his daughters' acquiescence in his wishes—they, on the contrary, determined on sharing his final fate, with hands upraised to Heaven, were endeavouring to pacify his fears; he looked like a blessed spirit on its departure, and they the guardian seraphs of his flight. Never shall I forget the terrific beauty of the scene. Presently a wave of an immense height struck the ship—she fell on her beam-ends—another followed—another—her sides opened—one slight shriek was all we heard—the wave passed on, and she was seen no more.

The reader will now, if he please, follow me to a farm-house in the Isle of —, where a crowd of benevolent individuals had assembled, and were endeavouring to restore animation to a number of apparently lifeless bodies, which had been washed on shore shortly after the termination of the scene which I have just so feebly depicted. Without describing the various results of the restoratives applied to each, I will merely narrate the proceedings in two rooms, in one of which a tall, venerable-looking surgeon, accompanied by three of his daughters, was employing every means in his power to excite reanimation in the youthful form of a beautiful female. Long, long were their exertions fruitless, and they began to fear

that "death had come like an untimely frost, and nipped the fairest flower in all the field." Presently, however, a slight quivering of the lip encouraged them to redouble their exertions. Shortly afterwards she opened her eyes, and gazed with a vacant fixedness on all around. A loud shriek from an adjoining chamber startled her: she raised her head; and, when presently returning reason revealed to her a consciousness of her situation, she demanded, wildly, her parent—her sister—her husband. They endeavoured to pacify her—assured her that all were safe—but, alas! they knew that the bodies of her father and sister had not yet been found, and that the shriek which they had just heard was but, perhaps, the dying effort of the maniac Alfred, who had been conducted to that chamber, exhausted by his ravings, and cursing his fate, that he died not with the object of his love.

It was, in fact, as they anticipated. The unhappy man had at length yielded to Nature, and sank upon a bed, his eyes closed, and he, to all appearance, on the eve of dissolution. It was thus he lay for about half an hour, when a young female, clad in deep mourning, approached the couch, and, stooping down, and imprinting a burning kiss upon his lips, falteringly ejaculated, "Alfred, dear Alfred!" The object she addressed started as if from sleep, gazed wildly upon her for a few moments, and then crying, "It is she—my own—my wife—my dearest

Fanny!" fell on her neck, and burst into an agony of tears.

The subsequent occurrences need be but very briefly related. On the following day a funeral service was performed at the parish church. Fanny, from the intensity of her grief, was unable to attend, and Alfred would not be persuaded to quit her side. It was gratifying, however, deeply gratifying, to know that loud and piteous lamentations for the departed were mingled with the awful solemnity of the ceremonial, and that when the blessing of the pastor was pronounced, a group of interesting females, clad in white, walked to the edge of this fatal cliff, to cast garlands upon the now slumbering ocean, the only tomb of a heart the purest, the only sepulchre of the good and brave.

For myself—while lingering on this stage of being, I will endeavour to evince my gratitude to the Almighty for the escape which his mercy vouchsafed me—never, never can I forget that dreadful night; and even now, in the phantoms of sleep, do I often view again the yawning gulph—struggle to assist the sinking forms of the father and daughters, and can scarcely convince myself of the "baseless fabric of the vision," until I see the pale and peaceful moonbeam smiling through my lattice, and reminding me, like the rainbow of old, that my seafaring perils are at an end.

AN OLD SAILOR.

#### TO MY MOTHER.

'MIDST pleasure, trouble, indigence, or wealth,  
Thou hast watched o'er me, guardian of my health,  
My Mother!—Tell me, can I e'er requite,  
Can words express, the care both day and night  
That thou hast ta'en of me?—How, by my bed,  
Thou'st careful watched, while weary moments fled!—  
Each hour to Heaven my prayers for thee shall rise,  
Rude, but sincere, they'll penetrate the skies!—  
Each hour I'll pray—"May blessings from above  
Reward thy care, affection, kindness, love!"

G. H.

## THE BELOVED.\*

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON HAYWARD, ESQ.

THERE is a something in that face,  
 Though what it is I cannot guess :  
 To me the only charm I trace,  
 Is undefined loveliness.

It *is*—but *what* it is, in sooth,  
 Unskilfully my musings seek ;  
 It hangs not on thy playful mouth,  
 Nor dimples on thy smiling cheek.

Nor in thine eye's effulgence meek,  
 The lustre of their lovely hue :  
 'Tis what I *feel*, but cannot speak,  
 Nor ever till I saw *thee* knew !

Oh ! I could gaze for ever, blest,—  
 (Priz'd as thou art and dear to me,)  
 On that sweet glance delighted rest,  
 And idolize its witchery.

## LEAVES FROM THE CHRONICLES.

## No. II.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT-AT-LAW.

## THE TWO PAGES OF CHILDERIC.

As fierce and cruel as the blast,  
 That, in the joyous spring,  
 Comes in the dark and chilly night  
 And nips the budding flow'r ;  
 So Fate hath wither'd him  
 E'en in the bloom and beauty of his youth !

*The German Prince.*

"Now, by the glory of the invincible Childeric, our liege lord," exclaimed the gay St. Louis, surnamed of Lyons, "I have marked in thee of late, Sir Pierre, a moodiness, nay, a marvellous melancholy, which waxeth more gloomy every hour. In sooth thou, who wert wont to be as gladsome as the lark in the bright beam of the morning, hast become as dull as the shade-seeking owl !"

"Nay, an thou lovest me, dear St. Louis, a truce to this badinage," cried Pierre, as the blood mantled in his pallid cheek. "Thy words in the balance of wit may weigh light as down, but they fall ponderous as lead upon my depressed heart."

"And, by the licence of a true and trusty friend, wherefore depressed ?"

demande St. Louis, earnestly. "Why conceal from me aught that troubles, when thou art ever so ready to share thy pleasures with me ?"

"Pardon me," sighed Pierre ; and, passing his arm through St. Louis', he cast his eyes upon the ground, and turned down a shady walk in the fair garden wherein they were discoursing. "Pardon me, St. Louis," continued he ; "for much I need thy forgiveness, holding my secret covert for so long a period."

"Beshrew me then an I do not forgive thee most heartily," quoth St. Louis ; "for of a truth, now, methinks thou hast lost more in the keeping than in the sharing thereof. But speak, and break the spell that hangs upon thee."

\* See Illustration.



Pierre was silent for a moment, as if struggling, internally, with the feelings of his heart.

"Hath rumour ever breathed to thine ear the name of Ninon de Laval?" at length inquired he.

"Aye, in sooth; and by the fair-spoken lips of some hundred enamoured knights, who vowed she had broken more hearts than all the valiant paladins of Gaul had broken lances in the ring; and then ever followed the plaint of woe upon the heels of their warm panegyric. Nay, they do aver her fair bosom is more invulnerable than the mail of Milan! But what of this fair damsel? Certes, thou art not a stricken deer of that same herd, art thou?"

"Alack! alack!" cried Pierre, "mine heart, which was as light and safe in custody as a caged linnet, (as I gazed in wonderment upon this paragon of nature,) fluttered and escaped my bosom through my truant eyes, and straight became the pining captive of her charms!"

"And well done! well won! well lost! cry I, sweet cousin," exclaimed St. Louis; "marry, but so kind a heart could not be in better keeping!"

"Nay, jest not with me, I pr'ythee," entreated Pierre; "but console and pity me."

"No! an a sigh 'scape me, I'll bite my lip," said St. Louis. "Rather rejoice in the predicament wherein Dan Cupid hath thrust thee over head and ears, and bravely attack and vanquish this fair destroyer of knights' repose, and make her in turn thy prisoner."

"Ah! would there shone but the most distant, the slightest glimmering of that hope, through the clouds of dismal doubt which overhang my perturbed thoughts, I would rejoice indeed!" replied Pierre. "But oh! thinkest thou, St. Louis, the beauteous daughter of the rich Castellain of Tours will ever deign to smile upon a page? She who is worthy to share a monarch's diadem!"

"Why, thou love-stricken sample of modest merit!" exclaimed he of Lyons. "Truly, now, the plump glory of thy valiance is as shrivelled

up as an over-ripe pumpkin in the dog-days! Rally, coz, hold erect thy drooping head, and rest on the firm dignity of our degree. Let me tell thee, Pierre, the proudest she in Gallia would add rather than detract from her dignity by an alliance with a page of the renowned Childeric! For my own part I do assure thee, dear brother-in-arms, I mean to be very fastidious on whom I confer the superlative honour of this delicate white hand! But lo! hitherward cometh a gallant company: let us seek my chamber, where I will so discipline thy spirit, and drill thy failing fortitude, that I will enable thee, by thine own singular and unaided valour, to dislodge this fair prize from the frigid fortress of indifference, wherein she hath so securely entrenched herself."

And the light-hearted St. Louis led away the desponding and love-sick Pierre to commune with him accordingly.

St. Louis of Lyons and Pierre of Navarre, the gallants whom we have introduced, were both in the service of Childeric of France; the sons of two of his most valiant leaders, who had fought and died, covered with deep wounds and well-won laurels, in the red field of fight, contending for their country's cause, leaving their infant orphans the fair inheritance of their hard-earned fame, and the rich and enviable one of their royal master's love. From the age of eight years they had served Childeric in the capacity of pages, and in his favour they had grown up brave and valiant youths, and promised fair to become an honour to his royal love and patronage. At this period, however, they had neither beheld their eighteenth summer, and were assuredly two of the handsomest and most courteous youths in the splendid train of their dread lord.

It was in the temporary absence of his brother-in-arms that Pierre had seen and loved the fair Ninon de Laval. With all the diffidence of a true passion, however, the enamoured page had only "looked and sighed, and sighed and looked again."

St. Louis first upbraided him for his want of confidence in his own worth,

and then, with his wonted humour, informed him that *he*, "the handsome and most courteous St. Louis of Lyons, page of honour to the most magnanimous Childeric, had cast his flattering affections upon a little mortal—no higher than his walking-staff to be sure—but of a verity born for the adoration of the male, and the envy of the female, part of the creation, and destined by fate for such a lover—for in whom else could she have seen (as in a mirror) her own excellencies so admirably reflected!"

Informing his delighted companion that his lady-love was no other than Marie D'Este, the cousin of the fair Ninon; that she was now sojourning at the castle of Tours, where he should feel happy in introducing Pierre, and of giving him an opportunity of declaring his passion—"But let me advise thee, fair cousin of mine," said he, "not to make a declaration of thy love to the old Castellan, her worthy sire, for shouldst thou be so unfortunate as to win him to favour thee, Ninon will assuredly slip through thy fingers like an eel. Young damsels, forsooth, have a mighty opinion of their own election, and will hate bitterly, out of opposition, when they would, probably, under the control of their own inclination, have loved dotingly! So 'ware this pitfall, and prosper."

But even the light-hearted St. Louis, with all his boasted penetration, could not read aright the heart of the beautiful Ninon.

She received the attentions of the handsome Pierre, it is true, with smiles, for her vanity was flattered in the devotion of such a heart, but Ninon entertained no sympathy with his feelings; and Pierre could not refrain from making comparisons between his fate and St. Louis's, who was blest in the affection of the fair and ingenuous Marie D'Este, who made this world a smiling paradise to her gay and devoted suitor. Envy, however, formed no part in the composition of Pierre's character; yet whilst he rejoiced in the good fortune of his bosom friend, he could not cease from bewailing his own unhappy destiny, in having fixed his affections upon a coquette.

But his passion unhappily overcame his reason, and he possessed not sufficient courage to tear himself for ever from his fair and inexorable tormentor.

Ninon, conscious of her power, appeared to enjoy the greatest delight in tantalizing her slave—for such he truly was—at times seeming so kind that Pierre would return elated with the false and flattering idea that she relented, only to be sunk deeper in despair on the ensuing meeting.

St. Louis was too much engrossed by his own happiness to seek his friend, imagining that he too was as happy in the enjoyment of Ninon's sweet society. Indeed, Pierre never breathed complaint, but let the thorn of bitter disappointment rankle in his heart, and wither all his hopes.

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A month—short and fleeting in the estimation of the happy St. Louis, sad and lingering in that of Pierre's—since the introduction of the pages at the castle of Tours, had elapsed, when the death of their royal patron, the noble Childeric, filled them, in common with all France, with unutterable grief.

"The resplendent load-star of our hopes hath set for ever in darkness!" exclaimed the melancholy Pierre. "In three days the protector of our infancy, the munificent tutor of our youth, will be consigned to the melancholy tomb!"

"But not alone!" said St. Louis, firmly, while an involuntary sigh heaved his breast, and the tears unbidden suffused his light blue eyes—those bright eyes that seemed only made for mirth and laughter. "The law of France, thou knowest, Pierre, demands the chief knight, the horse, and one of the pages, to be immured alive with the royal corpse!"

"To be immured in a dungeon's gloom alive—to suffer hunger, thirst, and all the thousand horrors of a lingering death!—oh! the very prospect of such a doom were enough to chill hearts of sterner stuff than ours, St. Louis," answered Pierre, with a melancholy tone; "but," added he, with warmth, "when I remember the passing love our worthy lord did ever entertain for us—how highly above

all others, aye, and above our poor merit, too, he prized and praised us—my heart glows warm with gratitude for all his kind affection, and I feel prepared to follow him even in this his last, long, dismal journey!”

“Nay,” cried the generous St. Louis, warmed by his friend’s enthusiasm, “it were a blot upon my love for thee—upon my courage, too, and loyalty—to let thee suffer. Let chance decide our fate, or thee or me; and thou shalt see that St. Louis of Lyons will devote himself as cheerfully to death, in such a cause, as Pierre of Navarre.”

“St. Louis,” replied Pierre, grasping with his cold and clammy hand the generous palm of his beloved friend, “I know thee, and I love thee, but it becomes not thee to talk of dying. No; think on thy loved Marie, and live! for Death, in striking thee, will pierce two joyous hearts that were truly made to live in the enjoyment of this world’s gaiety. I—I shall fall alone. I am a sere and withered branch, the lopping whereof will not be missed. Yes, St. Louis, live for thy sweet Marie!—live for thy friends, and for the glory of thy country! To me, death is more welcome than life; for I feel that I have for ever lost that peace of mind which alone renders life worth wishing for.”

“Ninon——” said St. Louis; but he had scarcely breathed the name when Pierre grasped his arm convulsively, and, gazing upon him with a harrowing look, his pale lips trembling with emotion, he exclaimed aloud, “Name not that——” Then checking himself, “But I loved her once. Oh! ye Gods! how fondly did I love her! But she is no longer worth the thought of one so true—I have plucked her image for ever from my heart.”

“Perfidious, heartless girl!” cried the indignant St. Louis; “how deeply she hath deceived us all. We held thee happy—blessed as ourselves.”

“And so thought I,” said Pierre; “nay, the sun hath scarcely twice circled this sphere of ours, since, by her bland converse and her bewitching smiles, she led me to believe that she relented of her cruel tyranny—

yes, scarce two nights since; and this morn I learned that she had fled—fled from her father’s roof with some recreant, obscure knight, as worthless and dishonourable as she is vain and heartless!”

“Alack!” sighed St. Louis, “that one so fair should play so false! But oh! still live, dear injured Pierre—live for revenge—to return her scorn with scorn.”

“Nay, urge me no more,” replied Pierre; “thou art now the only being on earth I love, and I will at least win the sweet esteem of thy Marie, by saving thee.”

“Oh! Pierre!”

“Nay, ’tis done! the die is cast; this morning’s tidings sealed my doom!” cried Pierre. “Losing this fair deceiver, I found life nothing worth ’till I remembered thee—then thanked the Fates that I had not rashly cast the worthless load away, since it might ransom thee. I rushed to where the marshals were assembled, engaged in their gloomy preparations for the funeral ceremony, and, while the mournful murmurs of the hearers applauded the sacrifice, my name was enrolled! St. Louis!—nay, tremble not thus, as if some coward spirit possessed thy noble heart—thy poor friend is happier now than he hath been for a long, long time. Come, one fraternal embrace—the last—and let us part; for lo! the guards await to conduct me to my cell. Farewell! and may’st thou be ever loved and happy with the fair Marie!”

The agitation of St. Louis prevented the utterance of his grief, and when the self-devoted, unhappy Pierre, tore himself from his embrace, he fell prostrate to the earth, abandoning himself to the bitterest lamentations.

Anno Domini, 1653, the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis, was discovered. The skeletons of two men, a youth, and a horse, were found mouldering within it, besides innumerable coins, jewels, and arms of rare and costly workmanship. A ring of pure gold, of a fair device, was taken from the fore-finger of the youth, whereon the words “Pierre de Navarre” were exquisitely engraven.

## THE OWL.

THERE sat an owl in an old oak tree,  
 Whooping very merrily ;  
 He was considering, as well he might,  
 Ways and means for a supper that night :  
 He look'd about with a solemn scowl,  
 Yet very happy was the owl,  
 For, in the hollow of that oak tree,  
 There sat his wife, and his children three.

She was singing one to rest,  
 Another, under her downy breast,  
 'Gan trying his voice, to learn her song,  
 The third (a hungry owl was he)  
 Peep'd slyly out of the old oak tree,  
 And peer'd for his dad, and said, " You're long ;"  
 But he hooted for joy, when he presently saw  
 His sire, with a full grown mouse in his claw.  
 Oh what a supper they had that night !  
 All was feasting and delight ;  
 Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive,  
 They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old owl do ?  
 Ah ! not so gay was his next too-who !  
 It was very sadly said,  
 For after his children had gone to bed,  
 He did not sleep with his children three,  
 For, truly, a gentleman owl was he,  
 Who would not on his wife intrude,  
 When she was nursing her infant brood,  
 So not to invade the nursery,  
 He slept outside the hollow tree.

So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,  
 He call'd his wife with a loud too-who ;  
 " Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,  
 And our joys live from the death of day."  
 He call'd once more, and he shudder'd when  
 No voice replied to his voice again ;  
 Yet still unwilling to believe,  
 That Evil's raven wing was spread,  
 Hovering over his guiltless head  
 And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,  
 " Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,  
 " They will not speak—well, well, at night  
 They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."  
 But still he went not in nor out,  
 But hopp'd uneasily about.

What then did the father owl ?  
 He sat still, until below  
 He heard cries of pain and woe,  
 And saw his wife, and children three,  
 In a young boy's captivity.  
 He follow'd them with noiseless wing,  
 Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,  
 He sat in a window of the hall,



Where he could see  
 His bewilder'd family ;  
 And he heard the hall with laughter ring  
 When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to sing ;"  
 And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin  
 Through their eyeballs was thrust in !  
 He felt it all ! Their agony  
 Was echoed by his frantic cry,  
 His scream rose up with a mighty swell ;  
 And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell ;  
 It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,  
 "Lo, the little birds are dead."  
 —But the father owl !  
 He tore his breast in his despair,  
 And flew he knew not, reck'd not, where !

But whither then went the father owl,  
 With his wild stare and deathly scowl ?  
 —He had got a strange wild stare,  
 For he thought he saw them ever there,  
 And he scream'd as they scream'd when he saw them fall  
 Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons travell'd he,  
 With his load of misery,  
 Striving to forget the pain  
 Which was clinging to his brain,  
 Many seasons, many years,  
 Number'd by his burning tears.  
 Many nights his boding cry  
 Scar'd the traveller passing by,  
 But all in vain his wanderings were,  
 He could not from his memory tear  
 The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,  
 He sat in a hollow tree,  
 With all his thoughts—ah ! all so dreary  
 For his only company ;—  
 —He heard something like a sound  
 Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,  
 And full soon he was aware,  
 A stranger, and a lady fair,  
 Hid them, motionless and mute,  
 From a husband's quick pursuit.

The cheated husband pass'd them by ;  
 The owl shriek'd out, he scarce knew why ;  
 The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,  
 Saw two wild eyes, that, ghastly bright,  
 Threw an unnatural glare around  
 The spot where he had shelter found—  
 Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,  
 For again he heard that boding scream,  
 And, "On, for danger and death are nigh,  
 When drinks my ear that dismal cry"—  
 He said, and fled through the forest fast,  
 The owl has punish'd his foe at last—  
 For he knew in the injured husband's foe  
 Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,  
 And again and again he took to flight;  
 But ever on his wandering wing  
 He bore that load of suffering—  
 Nought could cheer him!—the pale moon  
 In whose soft beam he took delight  
 He look'd at now reproachfully,  
 That she could smile, and shine, while he  
 Had wither'd 'neath such cruel blight,  
 He hooted her—but still she shone—  
 And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,  
 And his weary wing him backward bore,  
 Urged by some strange destiny,  
 Again to the well known forest tree,  
 Where the stranger he saw at night,  
 With the lovely lady bright.

The owl was dozing—but a stroke  
 Strong on the root of the sturdy oak  
 Shook him from his reverie—  
 He looked down, and he might see  
 A stranger close to the hollow tree!  
 His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,  
 Yet the owl knew in the man, the lad  
 Who had destroy'd him!—he was glad!

And the lovely lady, too, was there,  
 But now no longer bright nor fair;  
 She was lying on the ground,  
 Mute and motionless, no sound  
 Came from her coral lips, for they  
 Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,  
 Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,  
 Were dabbled in the crimson stream  
 That from a wound on her bosom white  
 (Ah! that man's hand could such impress  
 On that sweet seat of loveliness)—  
 Well'd, a sad and ghastly sight,  
 And ran all wildly forth to meet  
 And cling around the murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the bird  
 Shriek'd aloud—the murderer heard  
 Once again that boding scream,  
 And saw again those wild eyes gleam—  
 And "Curse on the fiend!" he cried, and flung  
 His mattock up—it caught and hung—  
 The felon stood awhile aghast—  
 Then fled through the forest—fast, fast, fast.

The harden'd murderer hath fled—  
 But the owl kept watch by the shroudless dead,  
 Until came friends with the early day,  
 And bore the mangled corse away—  
 Then, cutting the air all silently,  
 He fled away from the hollow tree.

\* \* \* \*

Why is the crowd so great to-day?  
 And why do the people shout "Huzza!"

And why is yonder felon given  
 Alone to feed the birds of Heaven?  
 Had he no friend, now all is done,  
 To give his corse a grave? not one.  
 Night has fallen. What means that cry?  
 It descends from the gibbet high—  
 There sits on its top a lonely owl,  
 With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;  
 And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"  
 His mortal foe is at his feet.

### ALBUM.

IN THE DAYS OF MY GREAT GRANDMAMMA.

*By Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.*

Is the days of my great grandmamma I've  
 been told

There were persons of fashion and taste,  
 Who in dresses as stout as chain armour  
 of old,

The parties of Ranelagh graced.  
 How high were their heads, and how high  
 were their heels,

And how high were their notions and  
 ways:

They mov'd in propriety's round, like the  
 wheels

Of a warranted watch, in the days  
 Of my great grandmamma.

Fashion then was so dull you could scarcely  
 discern

The minute ebb and flow of her tides,  
 And a dowager's dress, though unturn'd,  
 serv'd in turn

Three or four generations of brides.  
 Like the family jewels, the family gown

Was reserv'd for their gala displays;  
 And a ruffled old lady look'd placidly  
 down

Upon ruffled young girls in the days  
 Of my great grandmamma.

Oh! the men who for these female para-  
 gons sigh'd,

Were unlike those who pester us now;  
 They approach'd with a smile, and a sink,  
 and a slide,

And a minuet step, and a bow:  
 They were laced and embroider'd, and  
 powder'd and curl'd,

Like the men that we see in the plays,  
 And 'tis certain there's nothing so grand in  
 the world,

Or so sweet as there was in the days  
 Of my great grandmamma.

#### LOVE OF TRUTH.

The love of truth has ever been accounted  
 a good principle. Where it is known to  
 prevail, we expect to find integrity and  
 steadiness; a temper of mind favourable to

every virtue, and tending in an eminent  
 degree to public utility. To have no con-  
 cern for the truth, to be false and fallacious,  
 is a character which no person who is not  
 utterly abandoned would choose to bear:  
 it is a character from which we expect  
 nothing but levity and inconsistency.  
 Truth seems to be considered by all man-  
 kind as something fixed, unchangeable, and  
 eternal.

#### MUSIC FROM SHORE.

*By Mrs. Hemans.*

A sound comes on the rising breeze,  
 A sweet and lovely sound!  
 Piercing the tumult of the seas,  
 That wildly dash around.

From land, from sunny land, it comes,  
 From hills with murmuring trees,  
 From paths by still and happy homes—  
 That sweet sound on the breeze!

Why should its faint and passing sigh  
 Thus bid *my* quick pulse leap?—  
 No part in Earth's glad melody  
 Is mine upon the deep.

Yet blessing, blessing on the spot  
 Whence those rich breathings flow!  
 Kind hearts, although they know me not,  
 Like mine must beat and glow.

And blessings, from the bark that roams  
 O'er solitary seas,  
 To those that far, in happy homes,  
 Give sweet sounds to the breeze!

#### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

After the heat of the last year's contest  
 in the streets of Paris had subsided, a  
 woman was seen running about, and eagerly  
 examining every dead body in her way—  
 she was looking for her husband. A gen-  
 tleman who had watched her progress for  
 some time, endeavoured to console her  
 with the hope of his being yet alive. "No,  
 he must be killed; I have not set eyes on  
 him since the morning; I hope I shall find

his body, for he has got the key of the street-door in his pocket."

## SONNET.

*By Delta, of Blackwood.*

How tranquil is the night! the torrent's roar

Dies off far distant; through the lattice streams

The pure white silvery moonshine, mantling o'er

The couch and curtains with its fairy gleams.

Sweet is the prospect; sweeter are the dreams

From which my loathful eyelid now unclos'd:—

Methought beside a forest we repos'd,

Marking the sun's far western beams,

A dear-lov'd friend and I. The nightingale

To silence and to us her pensive tale

Sang forth; the very tone of vanish'd hours

Came o'er me, feelings warm, and visions bright;

Alas! how quick such vision disappears,

To leave the spectral moon and silent night!

## A FORENSIC DEFIANCE.

Two counsellors lately pleading in America on opposite sides, the argument grew, at length, to so warm a pitch that one of the disputants knocked the other down. "I'll teach you, sir," said he, "to behave yourself like a gentleman." "Never, sir! never!" roared out the other: "I defy ye, sir! I defy ye!"

## THE HEAVENLY REST.

There is an hour of peaceful rest,

To mourning wanderers given;

There is a tear for souls distress'd,

A balm for every wounded breast—

'Tis found above—in heaven!

There is a soft, a downy bed,

Fair as the breath of even;

A couch for weary mortals spread,

Where they may rest the aching head,

And find repose in heaven!

There is a home for weary souls,

By sin and sorrow driven;

When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,

Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,

And all is drear but heaven!

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,

The heart with anguish riven;

And views the tempest passing by,

The evening shadows quickly fly,

And all serene in heaven!

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,

And joys supreme are given:

There rays divine disperse the gloom:

Beyond the confines of the tomb,

Appears the dawn of heaven!

A young gentleman, proverbial for a choice flow of expression, being at a party lately, requested a lady on the opposite side of the table to pass him the snuffers in the following set speech:—"Most beautiful, accomplished, and charming Clarissa, will you, by an undeserved condescension, be pleased to extend to your obsequious, obedient, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digests, that I may extirpate the excrescence of this nocturnal cylindric luminary, in order that by a renewal of its resplendent brilliancy it may assist the vision of our optical organs more potently."

## SONG.

*By the Rev. Thomas Dale.*

O, breathe no more that simple air,—

Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,

To me the only tale they tell

Is cold despair!

I heard it once from lips as fair,

I heard it in as sweet a tone,—

Now I am left on earth alone,

And she is—where?

How have those well-known sounds new'd

The dreams of earlier, happier hours,

When life—a desert now—was strew'd

With fairy flowers!—

Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—

Now flowers are faded, joys are fled,

And heart and hope are with the dead,

For she is—where?

Can I then love the air she lov'd?

Can I then hear the melting strain

Which brings her to my soul again,

Calm and unmov'd?—

And thou to blame my tears forbear;

For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,

Remembrance whispers, "such was she,"

And she is—where?

## SCENE IN A PRINTING-ROOM.

"What are you engaged in?" said the head printer of a newspaper establishment to one of the compositors. "In an elopement." "Stop," said his interrogator, "want you to take share in a murder!"



## Notices of Books.

"STILL PLEASED TO PRAISE, YET NOT AFRAID TO BLAME."

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.  
Vol. XXI. *Lives of British Statesmen.*  
Vol. I. Longman and Co. 1831.

THIS is undoubtedly one of the best written and most interesting of Dr. Lardner's voluminous productions. The editor declares in the preface that "the literary contributors being persons who cannot be dictated to, or required to modify the expression of their opinions, so as to adapt them to the views of others, he does not hold himself responsible for the various political and literary opinions which may be found in this series." Thus have the various writers been enabled to wield their pens unshackled by a particular theory, and the volume thus sent forth to the world will, we have no doubt, be generally read. The first article (the life of Sir Thomas More) is written by Sir James Mackintosh—a sufficient test of its excellence. The life of Cardinal Wolsey is the next in order, and is executed with great ability. The career of this singular and unfortunate man forms one of the most excellent moral lessons which history produces, and the writer has every where taken opportunity to deduce such reflections from events, as they occur in the course of his narrative, as cannot fail to produce great practical benefit in the hearts of his readers. On the whole he has, perhaps, been too severe on the cardinal—sufficient allowance has not been made for the weak points which will intrude themselves into the strongest minds. Wolsey was frequently "more sinned against than sinning;" and that the will of the spirit was too often subdued by the weakness of the flesh, no impartial reader of his life will doubt. He was in his heart a friend to religion, but the evil demon of ambition was every where with him, and frustrated his best intentions. Doing evil that good may come was another of the most fatal of his characteristics. On this subject the writer remarks that "the ends which Wolsey had in view throughout his career were many of them laudable, and few of them blameable: so that, if we consider them only without taking the means he employed into account, we shall arrive at the conclusion that he is well entitled to the admiration of posterity. On the other hand, he was ever regardless of the means through whose agency he attained, or might attain, the object of his ambition: so that if our estimate of his claims to our favourable suffrages be determined by them alone, without looking to the end he may have

SEPT. 1831.

had in view, his memory will be justly regarded with detestation. In the outset of his career, we saw him fraudulently apply the funds of his college to a use different from that for which they were intended; but then, it might be said, his end was to adorn and dignify that college by ornamenting its chapel with a tower. He simulated and dissimulated, and fawned himself into power; but then he was urged by the infirmity of noble minds, ambition, and would wield that power advantageously for his country. He involved England in constant war, regardless of its true interests, and of the real grandeur of his master; but then his end was the popedom, and, like the Cardinal Amboise, he persuaded himself that when he had reached that summit of his ambition, he would promote the welfare of his native country, and evince his gratitude to his sovereign. He oppressed and pillaged the poorer and defenceless monks; but it was only to encourage literature and check immorality. He was rapacious, but not to hoard; profuse, but only in order that he might support the dignity becoming his station. Arbitrary laws checked the freedom of the lower orders in the most ordinary occurrences of life; but the end was public order, and their own good. And if he levied heavy loans and benevolences, and imposed taxes without the consent of parliament, it was to prevent his great designs for the general weal from being abandoned before their beneficial results were made manifest." The lives of Cranmer and Lord Burleigh follow, and are written ably and effectively.

DR. LARDNER'S CABINET LIBRARY, Vol. VII. *Historical Memoirs of the House of Bourbon.* Vol. II. Longman and Co. 1831.

We are sorry that we can say nothing in favour of the continuation of this work. It is, in fact, any thing but what it professes to be, and is made up of a string of empty anecdotes and foolish sayings, some of which are not founded on the strictest rules of decency. From the contents of the first volume we were led to expect better things.

A GUIDE TO THE ORCHARD AND KITCHEN GARDEN By George Lindley, C.M.H.S. Edited by John Lindley, F.R.S. Longman and Co. 1831.

The writer has evidently employed a vast deal of time, labour, and talent, in this

comprehensive and excellent work. An experience of forty years has qualified him for his task, and he has condensed his matter into such a form as to render it easily to be understood and acted on. Those points which are so peculiarly interesting to gardeners, such as the kind of stock upon which a given variety will succeed better than upon another, the comparative value of each kind of fruit, the aspects which it requires, the different names under which it is known in England and elsewhere, the purposes for which it is best adapted, the seasons when it is in the greatest perfection, and topics of a similar kind, have been in all cases treated with especial care. The work is admirably got up, and deserves to be placed among the very first publications of its class.

COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. *By Sir W. Scott.*

Although the great Leviathan of the North has not yet finished his anxiously-expected novel, (for where was ever a literary undertaking of this accomplished scholar that was not looked forward to with intense anxiety?) we have nevertheless been favoured with a few extracts, which we here present to our readers. The tale is founded on the events of the first crusade in the beginning of the twelfth century; and although we are unable to glean as yet any thing of the plot, we will, on that point, readily believe that nothing from the pen of such a writer can be otherwise than interesting. But we are keeping our fair readers on the tiptoe of expectation; we will therefore to the extract without further preface.

"Now the Emperor Alexius Comnenus had the same feeling with many an honest man in ordinary life when his wife begins a long oration, especially as the Empress Irene did not always retain the observance consistent with his awful rule and right supremacy, although especially severe in exacting it from all others, in reference to her lord. Therefore, though he had felt some pleasure in gaining a short release from the monotonous recitation of the princess's history, he now saw the necessity of resuming it, or of listening to the matrimonial eloquence of the empress. He sighed, therefore, as he said, 'I crave your pardon, good our imperial spouse, and our daughter born in the purple chamber. I remember me, our most amiable and accomplished daughter, that last night you wished to know the particulars of the battle of Laodicea, with the heathenish Arabs, whom heaven confound! And for certain considerations which moved ourselves to

add other inquiries to our own recollection, Achilles Tatius, our most trusty follower, was commissioned to introduce into this place one of those soldiers under his command, being such a one whose courage and presence of mind could best enable him to remark what passed around him on that remarkable and bloody day. And this I suppose to be the man brought to us for that purpose.'

" 'If I am permitted to speak, and live,' answered the follower, 'your imperial highness, with those divine princesses, whose name is to us as those of blessed saints, have in your presence the flower of my Anglo-Danes, or whatsoever unbaptized name is given to my soldiers. He is, as I may say, a barbarian of barbarians; for, although in birth and breeding unfit to soil with his feet the carpet of this precinct of accomplishment and eloquence, he is so brave—so trusty—so devotedly attached—and so unhesitatingly zealous, that'—

" 'Enough, good follower,' said the emperor, 'let us only know that he is cool and observant, not confused and flattered during close battle, as we have sometimes observed in you and other great commanders—and, to speak truth, have even felt in our imperial self on extraordinary occasions: which difference in man's constitution is not owing to any inferiority of courage, but, in us, to a certain consciousness of the importance of our own safety to the welfare of the whole, and to a feeling of the number of duties which at once devolve on us. Speak then, and speak quickly, Tatius; for I discern that our dearest consort, and our thrice-fortunate daughter, born in the imperial chamber of purple, seem to wax somewhat impatient.'

" 'Hereward,' answered Tatius, 'is as composed and observant in battle as another in a festive dance. The dust of war is the breath of his nostrils; and he will prove his worth in combat against any four others, (Varangians excepted,) who shall term themselves your imperial highness's bravest servants.'

" 'Follower,' said the emperor, with a displeased look and tone, 'instead of instructing these poor, ignorant barbarians in the rules and civilization of our enlightened empire, you foster, by such boastful words, the idle pride and fury of their temper, which hurries them into brawls with the legions of other foreign countries, and even breeds quarrels among themselves.'

" 'If my mouth may be opened in the way of most humble excuse,' said the fol-

lower, 'I would presume to reply, that I but an hour hence talked with this poor ignorant Anglo-Dane, on the paternal care with which the imperial majesty of Greece regards the preservation of that concord which unites the followers of his standard, and how desirous he is to promote that harmony, more especially amongst the various nations who have the happiness to serve you, in spite of the blood-thirsty quarrels of the Franks, and other northern men, who are never free from civil broil. I think the poor youth's understanding can bear witness to this much in my behalf.' He then looked towards Hereward, who gravely inclined his head in token of assent to what his captain said. His excuse thus ratified, Achilles proceeded in his apology more firmly. 'What I have said even now was spoken without consideration; for, instead of pretending that this Hereward would face four of your imperial highness's servants, I ought to have said, that he was willing to defy six of your imperial highness's most deadly enemies, and permit them to choose every circumstance of time, arms, and place of combat.'

"That hath a better sound," said the emperor; "and, in truth, for the information of my dearest daughter, who piously has undertaken to record the things which I have been the blessed means of doing for the empire, I earnestly wish that she should remember, that though the sword of Alexius hath not slept in its sheath, yet he hath never sought his own aggrandizement of fame at the price of bloodshed among his subjects."

"I trust," said Anna Comnena, "that in my humble sketch of the life of the princely sire from whom I derive my existence, I have not forgot to notice his love of peace and care for the lives of his soldiery, and abhorrence of the bloody manners of the heretic Franks, as one of his most distinguishing characteristics."

"Assuming then an attitude more commanding, as one who was about to claim the attention of the company, the princess inclined her head gently around to the audience, and taking a roll of parchment from the fair amanuensis, which she had, in a most beautiful hand-writing, engrossed to her mistress's dictation, Anna Comnena prepared to read its contents."

"At this moment the eyes of the princess rested for an instant on the barbarian Hereward, to whom she designed this greeting—"Valiant barbarian, of whom my fancy recalls some memory, as if in a dream, thou art now to hear a work, which, if the author be put into comparison with the subject, might be likened to a portrait

of Alexander, in executing which, some inferior dauber has usurped the pencil of Apelles; but which essay, however it may appear unworthy of the subject in the eyes of many, must yet command some envy in those who candidly consider its contents, and the difficulty of portraying the great personage concerning whom it is written. Still, I pray thee, give thine attention to what I have now to read, since this account of the battle of Laodicea, the details thereof being principally derived from his imperial highness, my excellent father, from the altogether valiant Proto-spathaire, his invincible general, together with Achilles Tatius, the faithful follower of our victorious emperor, may nevertheless be in some circumstances inaccurate. For it is to be thought, that the high offices of those great commanders retained them at a distance from some particular active parts of the fray, in order that they might have more cool and accurate opportunity to form a judgment upon the whole, and transmit their orders, without being disturbed by any thoughts of personal safety. Even so, brave barbarian, in the art of embroidery, (marvel not that we are a proficient in that mechanical process, since it is patronized by Minerva, whose studies we affect to follow,) we reserve to ourselves the superintendence of the entire web, and commit to our maidens and others the execution of particular parts. Thus, in the same manner, thou valiant Varangian, being engaged in the very thickest of the affray before Laodicea, mayest point out to us, the unworthy historian of so renowned a war, those chances which befell where man fought hand to hand, and where the fate of war was decided by the edge of the sword. Therefore, dread not, thou bravest of the axe-men to whom we owe that victory, and so many others, to correct any mistake or misapprehension which we may have been led into concerning the details of that glorious event."

"Madame," said the Varangian, "I shall attend with diligence to what your highness may be pleased to read to me: although, as to presuming to blame the history of a princess born in the purple, far be such a presumption from me; still less would it become a barbaric Varangian to pass a judgment on the military conduct of the emperor, by whom he is liberally paid, or of the commander, by whom he is well treated. Before an action, if our advice is required, it is ever faithfully tendered; but, according to my rough wit, our censure after the field is fought would be more invidious than useful. Touching the Proto-spathaire, if it be the duty of a general to absent him-



self from close action, I can safely say, or swear, were it necessary, that the invincible commander was never seen by me within a javelin's cast of aught that looked like danger.'

"This speech, boldly and bluntly delivered, had a general effect on the company present. The emperor himself, and Achilles Tatius, looked like men who had got off from a danger better than they expected. The Proto-spathaire laboured to conceal a movement of resentment. Agelastes whispered to the patriarch, near whom he was placed, 'The northern battle-axe lacks neither point nor edge.'

"'Hush!' said Zosimus, 'let us hear how this is to end; the princess is about to speak.'

"The voice of the northern soldier, although modified by feelings of respect to the emperor, and even attachment to his captain, had more of a tone of blunt sincerity, nevertheless, than was usually heard by the sacred echoes of the imperial palace; and though the Princess Anna Comnena began to think that she had invoked the opinion of a severe judge, she was sensible, at the same time, by the deference of his manner, that his respect was of a character more real, and his applause, should she gain it, would prove more truly flattering than the gilded assent of the whole court of her father. She gazed with some surprise and attention on Hereward, already described as a very handsome young man, and felt the natural desire to please, which is easily created in the mind towards a fine person of the other sex. His attitude was easy and bold, but neither clownish nor uncourtly. His title of a barbarian, placed him at once free from the forms of civilized life and the rules of artificial politeness. But his character for valour, and the noble self-confidence of his bearing, gave him a deeper interest than would have been acquired by a more studied and anxious address, or an excess of reverential awe.

"In short, the Princess Anna Comnena, high in rank as she was, and born in the imperial purple, which she herself deemed the first of all attributes, felt herself, nevertheless, in preparing to resume the recitation of her history, more anxious to obtain the approbation of this rude soldier, than that of all the rest of the courteous audience. She knew them well, it is true, and felt nowise solicitous about the applause, which the daughter of the emperor was sure to receive with full hands from those of the Grecian court to whom she might choose to communicate the productions of her father's daughter. But she had now a

judge of a new character, whose applause, if bestowed, must have something in it intrinsically real, since it could only be obtained by affecting his head or his heart.

"It was, perhaps, under the influence of these feelings, that the princess was somewhat longer than usual in finding out the passage in the roll of history at which she purposed to commence. It was also noticed, that she began her recitation with a diffidence and embarrassment surprising to the noble hearers, who had often seen her in full possession of her presence of mind before what they conceived a more distinguished, and even more critical audience.

"Neither were the circumstances of the Varangian such as rendered the scene indifferent to him. Anna Comnena had indeed attained her fifth lustre, and that is a period after which Grecian beauty is understood to commence its decline. How long she had passed that critical period, was a secret to all but the trusted ward-women of the purple chamber. Enough, that it was affirmed by the popular tongue, and seemed to be attested by that bent towards philosophy and literature, which is not supposed to be congenial to beauty in its earlier buds, to amount to one or two years more. She might be seven-and-twenty.

"Still Anna Comnena was, or had very lately been, a beauty of the very first rank, and must be supposed to have still retained charms to captivate a barbarian of the North; if, indeed, he himself was not careful to maintain a heedful recollection of the immeasurable distance between them. Indeed, even this recollection might hardly have saved Hereward from the charms of this enchantress, bold, free-born, and fearless as he was; for during that time of strange revolutions, there were many instances of successful generals sharing the couch of imperial princesses, whom, perhaps, they had themselves rendered widows, in order to make way for their own pretensions. But besides the influence of other recollections, which the reader may learn hereafter, Hereward, though flattered by the unusual degree of attention which the princess bestowed upon him, saw in her only the daughter of his emperor and adopted liege lord, and the wife of a noble prince, whom reason and duty alike forbade him to think of in any other light.

"It was after one or two preliminary efforts that the Princess Anna began her reading, with an uncertain voice, which gained strength and fortitude as she proceeded with the following passage from a well known part of her history of Alexius Comnenus, but which unfortunately has not been re-published in the Byzantine histo-



rians. The narrative cannot, therefore, be otherwise than acceptable to the antiquarian reader; and the author hopes to receive the thanks of the learned world for the recovery of a curious fragment, which, without his exertions, must probably have passed to the gulph of total oblivion."

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THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF DAVID GARRICK WITH THE MOST CELEBRATED PERSONS OF HIS TIME; now first published from the originals, and illustrated with Notes: and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. I. Colburn and Bentley.

No book, perhaps, may be said to have written its own review so completely as this. The advertisement sets forth that it contains letters from the Earl of Chatham, Mr. Pitt, Burke, Johnson, Colman, the great dramatist himself, and divers others, by which it indirectly stamps its own deep interest and intrinsic worth. In the multitude of gems which present themselves for extract, we really know not which to select; all are equally worthy of a transfer to our pages. We therefore shut our eyes, open the volume, and alight upon the following:—

"Mr. Colman to Mr. Garrick.

"Paris, July 27th, 1766.

"My Dear Friend,—As I sent you but a poor account of myself the other day, I cannot help seizing the opportunity of another private hand to tell you that I seem to be growing better every day. My lank jaws begin to recover flesh and colour, and though I am considerably fallen away, I hope to be visible without the help of a microscope by that time I reach England.

"I was last night at the Italians, to see a new little piece called 'La Clochette,' and the debut of an Italian dancer, (Guidetti his name is,) whom I think Monnet talked of sending you; but I suppose by this time he has dropped all thoughts of it, for he is one of the worst I ever saw. A little grotesque pantomime at first, but no execution as a dancer, and so damned thick-winded, that he is only fit for Lacy's infirmity. Slingsby is here at the Opera, but did not dance when I was there. I met him one day in the street: he fixed his eyes upon me, and knew me, I am sure; but as he did not claim my acquaintance, I was not ambitious to solicit his, and so we passed without a word. 'La Clochette' is a mere trifle, not wholly despicable, written by the prompter. La Ruette (the man I mean) plays well in it, and Clairval very ill. Cailland, to my great mortification, is gone into the country to some duke's. I saw him play Western in 'Tom Jones,' the night before, admirably. His dress is

not altered, but all the rest are. Do you know anything of the quarrel between David Hume and Rosseau? It makes a great noise here. Baron d'Holback has had three letters from Hume about it, who, it seems, is to publish a pamphlet containing the whole story. Suard seems vastly hurt at Smollett's letters, and I suppose will give a suitable account of them in the Gazette Litteraire. Monnet brought me Favart the other morning, and seemed vastly happy at seeing two little authors together. In the fulness of his heart, he had told Favart that I had given him a very fine translation of 'Telemachus.' Gravelot, it seems, had spoken handsomely to him of my Terence, and this was what he meant. I have agreed with Gravelot for the plates. The engravings will come to thirty guineas, which is to be paid by Becket and Co.; and the designs, which will come to twelve more, I make them a present of. When the plates are taken from them, I shall frame them, and hang them round my room, and expect they will be mighty pretty furniture. Diderot told an English gentleman, he had dined with me at the baron's, and that he wanted to see the 'Clandestine Marriage.' I happened to have one here, and sent it him by the gentleman, as a *donum ex authoribus*. I could make myself very happy here for a month or six weeks more at least; but to be locked up in a stinking metropolis all the summer, will not do for an invalid. The weather has been miserable, and so, I hear, it has been with you. I hope you got Georgy-go-going a good raspberry tart, and that he has been very saucy during his visit at Hampton. Madam sends her love to you; and moreover she will bring over a petticoat for Mrs. Garrick. We did intend returning by Dieppe and Brighthelmston, but we have at last settled for Calais and Dover. I long to be with you. I have made your compliments to everybody here. Changuion has been a very constant visitor during my illness, and we have had the pleasure of joining in abusing you more than once. I like him much. He seems a very honest man, and his spleen against the chevalier is quite entertaining. Miss Ford sends her *baisemains* to you, and most humble respects to Mrs. Garrick. My best love to her, and believe me here and everywhere, now and ever, dear Garrick,

"Most affectionately yours,

"G. COLMAN."

"Edmund Burke to Mr. Garrick.

"Gregories, Friday.

"Well, since we are to see you, I am satisfied. I think, on the whole, you have disposed your matters with judgment. You

first sate yourself with wit, jollity, and luxury, and afterwards retire hither to repose your person and understanding on early hours, boiled mutton, drowsy conversation, and a little clabber milk. As to my journey to Yorkshire, if I should go at all thither this summer, it will not be until late: I say if I go at all, because if I get the farm I propose into my hands, it will, I believe, keep me pretty well employed. The neighbour, whose name you could not read, is no other than your silver Thames, whose company would vastly improve this place. Richard is gone pleasuring to Oxford and Blenheim, but will meet you. Will is here, and continues. So we shall make things as agreeable to you as we can. Madam Burke is very happy to hear she is to see you and Mrs. Garrick in some reasonable time; about when may it be?

"Adieu, dear Garrick, and believe me most affectionately yours,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"Be so good as to give my service and congratulation to the paymaster."

1. *TALES FOR CHILDREN.* By Mrs. Marshall. Longman and Co. 1831.

2. *HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.* By the Rev. W. Fletcher. Hailes, Piccadilly. 1831.

1. The days of Jack the Giant Killer, Little Red Riding Hood, and such trashy productions, are gone by, and the infant mind is now nourished by more able and efficient food. Mrs. Marshall has, in the first of these little volumes, blended instruction with light and agreeable reading, couched in words seldom exceeding one syllable.

2. We know not when we have been more delighted with any work for the improvement of the juvenile mind than with this. Mr. Fletcher's hymns are, many of them, quite equal to, if they do not exceed in beauty and simplicity, those of the celebrated Dr. Watts. We shall notice this pretty little volume again in our next, and give an extract.

FACTS RELATING TO THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH IN THE METROPOLIS. By Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Esq. London, 1831. Ridgway.

We have always been of opinion that the rigid nature of our criminal code acts in a precisely opposite nature to the effect which it was intended to produce. We hear one day that the murderer of his child—his wife—his friend—suffered death upon the scaffold; and the next that the unhappy wretch who, in a moment of desperation, availed himself of a tempting opportunity to procure, illegally, the means of saving from actual starvation a faithful spouse or

an endeared offspring, was subjected to the like ignominious punishment. Thus (setting aside the inequality of guilt) does the frequency of these sad scenes nerve the heart of the depraved: he reads in the public prints a flaming report of the execution, and dressed up as those reports always are in a strain of sympathy for the criminal, he feels the less dread of the consequences of his iniquitous career. We have lately seen in the public prints, affixed to a petition praying for the abolition of "death for forgery," the names of nearly the whole body of country bankers; thus sufficiently proving the opinion of all practical men to be in opposition to the mere theory of the Upper House of Parliament, where a clause abolishing the punishment of death in cases of forgery was, not long ago, thrown out. The subject is well treated by our author, whose three years' residence in Newgate has certainly qualified him for his task. Mr. Wakefield argues ably, and with great clearness. On the subject of preferring the prevention to the punishment of crime, the writer observes that "London abounds with smaller nurseries of petty offences by persons of every age, from infancy to manhood. I had the opportunity of strictly examining more than a hundred thieves, between eight and fourteen years, as to the immediate cause of their becoming thieves; and in nineteen cases out of twenty it appeared that the boy had not committed his first crime spontaneously, but had been persuaded to commence the career of thieving by persons whose business it is to practise this kind of seduction. The most numerous class of such seducers consists of experienced thieves, both men and boys, who look out for boys not criminal, to whom they represent the life of a thief as abounding in pleasure. The object of these representations is to obtain instruments with which experienced thieves may commit robberies with less danger to themselves—participants, whose ignorance of the trade subjects them to be put forward into the most dangerous situations, and to be cheated in the division of the spoil. But words are not the only means of seduction employed in such cases: food is given to the hungry, and all kinds of stimulating enjoyments are presented to others who do not want the means of subsistence. I state what I know to be a fact, in saying that a practised thief often spends as much as ten pounds in the course of a few days for the purpose of corrupting a youth, by taking him to play-houses and other shows, and allowing him to eat and drink extravagantly at pastry-cooks, fruit-shops, and public-houses. The inevitable consequence

of such indulgences is the victim's discontent with his previous mode of life; and when this feeling predominates, he is considered ripe for receiving without alarm the suggestions of his seducer."

The following extract should be read by every parent and guardian of youth in the metropolis; indeed the whole volume is well worth attention.

"Another class of seducers consists of both men and women, but principally of old women—the keepers of fruit-stalls and small cake-shops, which stalls and shops they keep but as a cloak to their real trade—that of persuading children to become thieves, and receiving goods stolen by children. The methods of seduction pursued by these people are for the most part similar to those adopted by the class mentioned above; but they are distinguished from the thieves by some peculiarities. Residing always in the same spot, and apparently engaged in an honest calling, they have superior opportunities of practising on children, who, until known to them, were perfectly well disposed. Several instances came to my knowledge of boys, the sons of decent tradespeople, carefully educated, apprenticed to some trade, and with every prospect of leading an industrious and honest life, who were seduced by persons of the class in question. The course of seduction is about as follows:—The child buys fruit and cakes at the stall or shop, the keeper of which takes pains to form a familiar acquaintance with him, by conversation, artful it must be called in this case, but such as is used by all good teachers in order to gain a pupil's confidence. He passes the shop one day without money, and is invited to help himself upon trust. If he yield to the first temptation, it is all over with him. Considering his previous acquaintance with the tempter, it is almost a matter of course that he yields. Once in debt, he continues to indulge himself without restraint, and is soon involved far beyond his means of repayment. Where is the police to save him? No act of robbery has been committed, and the police therefore is absent. Probably his parents or master have impressed on him that it is wrong to run in debt. He is already criminal in his own eyes. Instead of confessing his difficulty to his friends, he thinks of them with fear. All his sensations are watched by the wretch, who now begins to talk slightly of harsh parents and task-masters, and insinuates her own superior affection. By degrees, more or less slow according to the degree of her art and the excitability of the boy's temperament, she gets a complete mastery of his mind. At

length she guides him to the first step in crime, by complaining of want of money; perhaps threatening to apply to his parents, and suggesting that he may easily repay her by taking some trifling article from his master's shop. The first robbery committed, the chances are a thousand to one that the thief will sooner or later be transported or hanged. He goes on robbing his master, or perhaps his parents: the woman disposes of the stolen property, giving him only a moderate share of the money obtained; she introduces him to other boys who are following the same career; he soon learns to prefer idleness and luxuries to labour and plain food; and, after a while, becoming an expert thief, deserts his original seducer, with whom he is no longer willing to share the fruits of his plunder, connects himself with a gang, probably takes a mistress, and is a confirmed robber, on the high road to Botany Bay or the gallows."

TALES OF THE LATE REVOLUTION. *By F. W. N. Bayley.* 12mo. pp. 360. London, W. H. Dalton.

We have rarely had a book in our hands professing the light and the agreeable, with which we have been more pleased, or one that will better warrant a hearty recommendation to our fair readers. Mr. Bayley has so often appeared before the public in a literary capacity, and so successfully earned the meed of popular praise, on the appearance of each work he has published, that it was but fair to infer that on the present occasion we should at least find entertainment; and assuredly he has not disappointed us. The work consists of an agreeable *melange* of tales in prose and verse, which are replete with deep interest, good sentiment, and affecting pathos. The language, in many instances, indeed is of a very powerful order; and in others extremely elegant—particularly in the poetical portion. We had intended to have dwelt at greater length on the merits of the volume, but as space precludes it now, (for we must make an extract) we will dismiss it for the present, and again advert to it in our next number. The following is taken from "Potoski and Luwarrow," a beautiful story, founded on the recent events in Poland, with which the book commences.

"Nothing but extreme caution and circumspection on the part of those engaged in a project like that which the patriotic among the Poles were then planning, could possibly have concealed it from the vigilance of government. Guided, however, by the advice of Zudofski, and bound to secrecy by ties which none but a villain



could violate, the plot went on prosperously, and only grew dangerous when, from the increasing number of its members, it became known to the many instead of the few. It was the part of Potoski, who from his high birth, gallant spirit, and noble descent, was looked up to by the conspirators as one of their chiefs, to hold frequent conferences with Zudofski; and for this purpose night after night he was in the habit of meeting a boat on the banks of the Vistula, and after a long pull down the stream, and now and then a song upon the waters, of landing exactly opposite to the little green gate, that afforded an entrance to the cottage of Rodzvil.

"It was in this peaceful and secluded dwelling, that the soldier concerted with the sage those plans that were one day to aid them in the overthrow of tyranny and despotism. It was here that the laughing Pulchrine would burst in upon the councils of her father, and disturb their gravity with her glad and merry laugh. It was here that the calm and gentle Lolia might be sometimes seen gazing with her large full eyes upon the handsome figure of Zudofski's guest, or listening with attentive interest to the melodious eloquence of his voice, when he spoke of hopes to be cherished, or glory to be gained. It was here that Potoski himself soon learnt to mingle love with politics—to soften with sweeter feelings the proud energies of his spirit—and to appreciate the truism of the poet, that

*'Omnia vincit amor et nos cedamus amori.'*

A few more visits to the old soldier's dwelling, convinced him that his motives for going thither were becoming daily less disinterested—that his happiness was embodied in the rural quiet of that retired spot—and that his heart had found its home in the cottage of Rodzvil.

"Our readers will soon discover to which of its fair inmates that treasure of right belonged. It was an evening in July—the July of the last year—when Zudofski and his young friend had just ceased a long and ardent conference, and the girls were almost tired of listening, that Lolia said to her sister, 'Pulchrine, let us walk together in the garden: I love to see the dew-drops on the flowers at this hour; they remind me of the tears which our poets tell us were wept by the angels on the roses of Elysium; and bring your lute, sister, and we will have one of your moonlight melodies—come.'

"'Nay, sweet Lolia,' said her sister; 'nay, I have more regard for my own fair person, and my life, too, and perhaps even

for my blue bonnet, than to trust either out on a night like this; and as for ditties, I am going to get my good papa, here, to sing me a ditty of his own—some old song about our ugly ancestors, and the picture of our grandfather in the old castle, so you must do without me to-night; but cheer up, Lolia, there is Count Potoski, who, doubtless, has an arm ready for a damsel in distress; and perhaps, sister,' added the wild creature, with a smile of provoking archness, 'perhaps, he will sing you your own favourite song, of the Moonlight Lovers.'

"Lolia had hardly time to blush crimson, and grow pale again, before Potoski was at her side; and as the old man had already taken his harp, and Pulchrine placed herself in an attentive, listening posture, the trembling girl had nothing left her but to take the count's arm, and sally forth into the garden. It was a splendid night; not a speck was visible upon the fine, full, clear, azure sky: no mist floated on the air to dim the lustre of the stars; not the shadow of a cloud appeared to veil the brightness of the moon. Then the breeze was hushed—so still, indeed, that even the leaves of the tall poplars were unstirred, and the wonted tuneful murmur of the deep waters of silver Vistula, seemed to have subsided into silence. It was truly a fine evening for mischief or for love! Potoski walked with his fair companion round the garden—he admired her roses—he was in raptures with her lilies—he gazed with much attention on her daffodils—he seemed to dread the exposure of her geraniums to the cold, and made sundry remarks upon many other plants, that gave fair promise of future skill in horticulture. It was evident that he loved flowers, and Lolia led him to her bower to look at the honey-suckle. It was lovely, beautiful; but he was sure she must be tired—would she sit down—would she be so kind as to sing him a song! Lolia was very kind, and very fond of singing, so she did sit down in her bower, and Potoski handed her the lute that hung always in the summer house. She began her ditty, as the giddy Pulchrine would have called it, and the young count looked and listened.

"So it was then, at that still hour, when the round moon's stream of glorious light burst into the bower, falling full upon her fine graceful figure, and covering her face with the bright radiance of heaven—when her long, dark curls, making a pillow of her bosom, fell on it unruffled by a single breath—when her eye was lighted with the feeling, her heart touched with the music, and her voice filled with the melody of



song, that Potoski saw and knew the power and perfection of beauty, and felt that in the love of her loveliness were concentrated all the ties of peace, honour, and happiness, that from that moment were to link him unto life; and it was afterwards, when her song was hushed, her lute fell, and her lips were silent—when the dying echoes of her sweet and thrilling voice had floated tunelessly over the flowers till they ceased to sound, and her own gentle bosom heaved with the excitement of the scene, that he ventured to kneel at her feet, and burst forth into the full, fervent, wild, and passionate confession, which is said to embody all the charms of eloquence in man's declaration of first and faithful love; and then rising, as her blush and agitation conveyed to his heart that silent admission of mutual affection, which is almost sweeter than expressed consent, he would have imprinted the troth-kiss on her pouting lip, had not the words, 'I told you so, papa; I knew we should find them making love in the bower,' startled the count, and almost terrified the trembling Lolia.

"The matter stood thus: Zudofski had finished his war-song in the cottage, and rather wondering at the long absence of Lolia and Potoski, walked into the garden with the joyous Pulchrine, thinking to meet them on their return; but not seeing them as they expected, the father and his child had strolled as far as the bower, and came upon our lovers at the very interesting crisis above described.

"Lolia, detected at such a moment, and in such a scene, could only find vent for her mingled feelings in a flood of tears; and overpowered with emotion, she flung herself on her father's neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, wept aloud.

"'Nay, my poor girl, do not weep,' said the old man, as he pressed her fondly to his breast; 'there is no harm done.

You have given away your young heart, but, thank Heaven, it is not bestowed on an unworthy object; the son of my old friend will never wound it wilfully. Here, count,' he added, extending the hand of Lolia to Potoski, as he withdrew himself from her embrace, 'take my child—she is yours; and when I am no longer with you, cherish her fondly for her father's sake. And now, my children, Lolia, Pulchrine, Potoski, kneel before me: I am weak and aged; my eyes have grown dim, and my voice faint. My limbs tremble, and I am not much longer for the world; but while I may, I will bless you with an old man's blessing, and may God of his mercy see that it prove good!'

"So they knelt down there, the young, and brave, and beautiful; and the moon threw her light over the group—and the stars of heaven shone upon them; and the old veteran, with his fine, bright, venerable countenance, stood before them, and laid his hands upon the heads of his children, and blessed them through his tears.

"Such scenes are of rare occurrence in the world, but they are right lovely to see. The sculptor, revelling amid bright visions of ideal beauty—the painter, soaring in the lofty realms of imagination—the poet, diving into deep and brilliant arcana of thought, or culling sweets from the summer garden of his fancy, would have given worlds to have embodied in any feigned picture, the powerful interest, the deep feeling, the exciting pathos, the natural beauty of that living group. It was enough to stop old Time in his progress, and make him weep before he passed them by."

In our next we shall enrich our pages by making an extract from the poetical portion of the volume, which we regret our limits prevent our now doing; and in the mean time can but advise a perusal of the book itself.

## Music.

THE HARMONICON, a *Journal of Music* for August, 1831. London, Longman.

THE present number of this very excellent work introduces to our notice a clever memoir of Musio Clementi, the continuation of the Notices of Metropolitan Concerts, an impartial notice of Paganini (from which we make the following extract), and several other very talented papers, so as ably to sustain the excellent character it has earned.

"After having now frequently heard Signor Paganini, we have no hesitation in repeating, that he is not only the most wonderful violinist living, but further add, that musical history does not enrol the name of any one who in the power of astonishing can be compared to him. We however must limit the degree of our praise to the epithets wonderful and astonishing. It may appear rash to make so open a declaration at a moment when this artist is only spoken of in terms of the most high-flown panegyric—in language that could alone be applicable to an Orpheus or an Amphion, were they to revisit our earth, and go through a second course of those miracles which they worked when the world was

green, and nothing impossible to the gifted musician; but we have more than once offered opinions which at the time have been treated as heterodox, though afterwards generally acquiesced in, and we do not despair of the same thing occurring in the present case. Already do we observe symptoms which lead us to believe that the fit of enthusiasm is a little on the wane, and we expect to hear of the exercise of more cool judgment in the provinces than has been displayed in the metropolis; at all events we shall speak fearlessly on the subject, unawed by the whole power of the press, and regardless of the danger of being stigmatized for a few days, perhaps weeks, as hardened heretics—as rank Bæotians.

“To effect so much on a single string as Signor Paganini does, is truly wonderful; nevertheless any good player can extract much more from two than he produces from one, and two are always to be had. But, say the panegyrists, the silver string gives such delicious tones! Then employ two silver strings, we reply. Would any man out of Bedlam hop from Hyde-Park Corner to St. Paul’s on one leg, if he had a couple to walk on?—Certainly not—unless, indeed, he could get a thousand pounds, or so, by each journey! If Paganini really produces so much effect on his single string, *à fortiori* he would draw forth much more from two. Why not, therefore, employ them?—because he is waxing exceedingly wealthy by playing on one only. Then he is a sensible person for so doing; he understands mankind: so did the famous quack, Dr. Rock, whose sagacious reply to Dr. Cheyne is well known: so does Mr. St. John Long.

“As to his harmonics, equally marvelous are they: but *cui bono*? What pleasure, except that which momentary surprise yields, do these almost inappreciable, nearly inaudible sounds excite? They can never be converted to any practical purpose: if, however, they were, they would be worse than useless, for what satisfaction can be derived from sounds which imitate the squeaking of mice, or that resemble the effect of wind passing through a crevice?

“The art of playing *coll’arco* and *pizzicato* at the same moment, is sufficiently surprising, and opens the mouths and eyes of the multitude wider than any thing that is achieved by the great violinist. But this is not exclusively his: other performers have very recently shown that it is a difficulty to be overcome, without any exertion of genius, by labour and perseverance of no very extraordinary kind. And when acquired, what advantages accrue from such an art? We know of none. But we do know that it

diverts the performer’s attention from what should occupy it solely; it robs the bow of half its realm, and merely enables a great performer to execute what an indifferent violin-player and a good guitarist, by their joint exertions, would do infinitely better.

“The great taste of Signor Paganini and his strong feeling we admit, but we deny that his almost incessant sliding while playing on one string—dignified by the term *portamento*—is a proof of either. Carried to such excess it is a whine or a groan, and nothing better, though it has been eulogised as something superior to the eloquence of the most impassioned language.

“It has always hitherto been agreed by the most rational and able critics, that tone is of first-rate importance in a violin-player. Now in this Signor Paganini is decidedly inferior to our best living performers, a fact admitted by some of his warmest admirers, who urge in his defence, that he is obliged to make a sacrifice of this for the sake of having thin strings, which are necessary to the accomplishment of his paramount objects. A stronger argument against such objects could hardly have been adduced!

“In saying thus much, let it not be supposed that we mean to depreciate the real merits of Signor Paganini. We have no doubt that, with an instrument strung in the ordinary manner in his hand, and with music on his desk—or in his memory, we care not which—of the legitimate and best kind, he would prove equal in many points, superior in some, to the great violinists of the past and present age; but judging him only by what he has done since his arrival in this country, we once again say, that he is the most astonishing, but not the best performer we have ever met with; while we grant that he is a composer of a high order, and—for which he values himself beyond all the rest put together—possesses more talent for enriching himself rapidly by his art than any musician that ever yet lived, or possibly that ever will live, in any age or country.”

The music consists of the Overture to *Le trésor supposé*, by Mehul, an Adagio Movement by Clementi, a March by Pacini, three new Ballads, a Duet, and Taglioni’s Shawl Dance. These are all more or less pretty, and collectively form as good a selection in this department as we have yet been presented with.

—  
O’ER PICTURED HOPES AND PARTED DAYS.

Written and composed by John Bird, Esq.

I. Green.

Both music and words emanating from the

same individual, this song is the production of an amateur, and certainly does him great credit. It is easy, and within the compass of all singers.

SONGS OF THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY. *The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq., the Music by T. H. Severn. C. J. Farn, Lombard-street.*

This volume did not reach us till the 25th of the month, we have therefore had no time to speak of the merits of the music. The poetry is in quite a different strain from the talented author's usual style, but it is characteristic and spirited. We make one extract—

"Oh, dark-eyed maid of Palestine,  
Though thou hast set me free,  
Mistake me not,—I cannot breathe  
Affection's vow to thee.  
The love that I can never feel,  
My lip would scorn to feign,  
Then summon forth thy father's guard,  
And give me back my chain.  
Far in a land thou ne'er wilt view,  
I left a gentle bride,  
I know that in my plighted vow,  
Her fond heart will confide :  
She may be told that far away  
Her captive love was slain,  
She shall not hear that I was false,  
Then give me back my chain.  
I see a tear steal o'er thy cheek,—  
My sentence I await—  
But now thy trembling finger points  
To yonder open gate !  
Dark maid of Palestine, I seek  
My plighted bride again,  
And when we cease to pray for thee,  
Oh, give me my chain again."

SO YOUR SWAIN, LOVE, HAS MADE AN OFFER. *A Duet. Music by C. M. Von Weber. Purday.*

Our associations have so long been of a serious character, with regard to Weber's last waltz, that we certainly were, at first, somewhat surprised at finding a portion of it wedded to some very playful words. They go admirably together, and certainly the present arrangement effectively has the merit of placing the music in that airy class, of which it is the characteristic of the waltz to be.

THE STRANGER'S BRIDE. *Written and composed by George Linley, Esq. J. Duff, Oxford Street.*

Mr. Linley possesses the very best of musical taste in our native ballad composition, and the present song will add much to his previously well-merited fame. The words

we quote—the music equally simple, exhibits great feeling, and is, in every respect, appropriate.

"They plac'd her hand in his,  
And bade her love him well—  
They heeded not the bitter tears  
That down her pale cheek fell.  
Her mother blam'd her childish grief,  
Her father frown'd with pride ;  
Her lips were mute before their choice,  
And she became his bride.

Her brow was wreath'd with flow'rs,  
Bright gems were in her hair ;  
But in her young and perjurd breast  
A dreary void was there ;  
She thought of him on foreign strand,  
More dear than all beside ;  
And wept to think that she should live  
To be a stranger's bride.

She dare not love him now,  
Her pride and pleasure once !  
Doom'd in the sacred name of wife,  
The lover to renounce.  
There rests a stain upon her heart,  
A stain she cannot hide,  
Alas ! that ever she should live  
To be a stranger's bride."

L'ECOLE DE PAGANINI. *A Divertimento for the Pianoforte, upon Airs performed at the King's Theatre, by Signor Paganini. Purday, High Holborn.*

This divertimento introduces us to the "Aria Andante Apassionata," and the rondo, from his first concert, "Alla Campanella," and "Militaire," arranged in a popular style, forming a brilliant lesson, which, whilst it offers a pleasing variation to a skilful performer, will be found very attractive and encouraging to a moderate one. Moreover, the title page is embellished with a very satisfactory likeness of the signor.

OBERON'S CORONATION. *A Ballad. Written and composed by Mrs. Wm. Marshall. Royal Harmonic Institution.*

Lively and pleasing, but not so original as several of this lady's former productions.

DRAWING-ROOM LYRICS. *Seven songs written by F. W. N. Bayley, Esq.; composed by J. Green. Green, Soho Square.*

This is another volume which has unfortunately reached us just as we were going to press. To speak of the music, therefore, with any degree of justice, is more than we are now enabled to do. Of the poetry, however, we can speak most highly. The poetical taste of Mr. Bayley, like that of his namesake, Mr. Thomas Haynes, is of the very best order, and in ballad com-

position he is particularly successful. We have been fortunate enough to secure his co-operation, as will be observed, in the present number, but, we trust, praise from us will on that account be no less deemed well-merited. We have only room at present for one extract, which will speak for itself.

They say she is laid in the cold, cold earth,  
And my hopes are buried with her;  
Yet they ask me why, when the moon  
comes out,

I wander so often thither.

Yet they do not know that a mournful  
spell

Hangs over my young heart broken,  
And leads me still to the moonlit dell,  
Where our first fond vows were spoken.

They marvel to see me smile so oft,

While she in her grave is sleeping;  
But they do not know it is worse to me  
Than tears of bitterest weeping.

In the flow of soul there's a sweet relief,  
Though it gush from the fount of sorrow,

But an agony is in the smile of grief,  
That few would wish to borrow.

I pass by her tomb without a sigh,  
And they wonder at my boldness:  
They do not know how I long to rest  
In the same dark bed of coldness.

But when her father has ceas'd to weep,  
And her friends no more are sighing,  
Oh! I shall be sleeping my last long sleep  
In the vault where my love is lying.

## The Drama.

NOTHING of importance has occurred this month in the dramatic way. A variety of new plays, farces, and operas, have been produced at both the summer houses, but none of them are entitled to any particular commendation. The talent of the performers has in one or two instances certainly served to keep a few of them before the public, but we have met with nothing new in the shape of either plot, language, or incident. The best performances at the Haymarket have been the stock pieces, which have gone off pleasantly enough; and at the Adelphi, with the English Opera company, whilst Phillips continued there, we were favoured with some very pleasing music. At the former house we perceive Kean is advertized to appear, and though tragedy may be said to be somewhat out of place at this establishment, we have no doubt, with the co-operation of Cooper, Vining, H. Wallack, and Mrs. Glover, good justice will be done to the productions of the immortal bard. We hear Kean is to receive fifty pounds per night, for twelve nights, but we trust we have been misinformed.

Over the water matters have been going on swimmingly. The engagement of Miss Fanny Ayton, who has appeared in a new opera, has been highly attractive at the Surrey, and a new piece, entitled *Pedlar's Acre*, has been got up, with an excellent attention to dresses, scenery, &c., (some of which was strikingly beautiful,) in which Miss Edmiston, from Drury Lane, and Osbaldeston acted with great tact and feeling. Mr. Collins, too, the English Paganini, in addition to the other entertainments, has nightly contributed very much to the gratification of his audiences, by an exhibition

of some very clever performances on the violin. The new management seemed determined to spare neither expense nor assiduity to render their establishment as excellent as possible, and to vie with the majors in their plan of conducting it. The exertions made here seem simultaneously to have excited the industry and spirit of the rival establishment, the Coburg. A new piece (amongst others) has been produced here recently, entitled *The Victim of St. Vincent, or the Horrors of an Assault*, the incidents of which are of the most interesting character, and are productive of the very best of stage effect. It has been got up with great liberality with regard to costume, scenery, and decorations, such as we have never seen excelled by a minor theatre, and equalled by few. Mr. Davidge had a character in it, (that of an old steward,) and played it with exquisite feeling and discrimination. We doubt much if there be any actor who could have done it more justice. Farren and himself are both admirable in the delineations of old men, and it generally is difficult to decide on whom the palm may be awarded. Mr. Davidge has not played very often of late; we were therefore much pleased again to greet his appearance.

The winter houses are making great exertions against their opening on the first of October. Several new performers will appear at both. Amongst other advantageous improvements, the comfort and elegance of Drury Lane will be greatly enhanced by the erection of a beautiful portico, supported by fluted Ionic pillars, round the whole house, which is proceeding with great activity.



## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE, CHITCHAT, &amp;c.

THE month commenced with the long-promised visit of their Majesties to the City on the opening of the New London Bridge, but whether the honour was paid to the Committee of that undertaking, or to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, is, we believe, still a bone of contention. At all events, there never was a more interesting fête, or one better conducted. The poor Recorder was the only melancholy-looking biped of the whole party. It seems that for some reason or other his illustrious dame, the Lady Knowlys, does not meet with that civility and urbanity from the present Lord Mayor, with which other ladies are so happy as to be favoured. Indeed, not long ago the "cut direct" was so openly displayed that the mild and humane judge gave vent to his indignation in an harangue addressed to his lordship on the occasion of a water party to Richmond, in which the name of the dame alluded to was omitted in the list of invitations. He therein plainly intimated to the chief magistrate his intention of dropping all connexion with him immediately he shall quit the civic chair. His lordship heard the awful sentence of the law with the greatest resignation, and although the judge held out to him *no hope of mercy*, he nevertheless appeared as cheerfully disposed during the remainder of the day as we ever remember to have seen him. The Recorder, however, declares that the law shall take its course.

The London University has been making itself somewhat notorious by a fracas between its council and one of the professors, a Mr. Pattison. The pupils, it appears, imagined that the system pursued by Mr. P. was an improper one, and that they did not derive, consequently, that improvement from his lectures which was desirable. Acting on this idea, the medical school was in a state of open rebellion; whenever he appeared, loud cries of "Off, off! no lecture!" drowned the voice of the speaker; until at length the council, perceiving that the interests of the University were at stake, passed a resolution, erasing Mr. Pattison's name from the list of professors, attaching thereto a declaration that they found no fault with him of any kind. This expulsion has called forth an angry pamphlet from Mr. P. on a persual of which, and an attentive consideration of the case, we are of opinion that, although the University had an undoubted right to dismiss, at pleasure, one of its servants, yet as his dismissal was not occasioned by any fault on his part, and as another professor is to be

appointed in his stead, we think that Mr. Pattison ought to be allowed a certain annuity, as some compensation for this unprovoked injury.

The Coronation is fixed for the 8th inst. and on the 12th her Majesty will hold a drawing-room.

The General Cemetery Company have closed their share list, and a general meeting of the Subscribers is advertised to take place on the 6th inst. after which preparations will immediately commence. The Committee have already received a number of inquiries and applications for sites, and there has seldom been an undertaking whose proceedings have engrossed such universal interest.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria honoured Newport (Isle of Wight) with a visit last month, and received an address from the Corporation, to which the Duchess made a suitable reply.

We are happy to say that the wheat never bore a more promising appearance.

The Reform Bill (the very name is sufficient to give us a *bilious fever*;) still engrosses the attention of the House of Commons, to the utter exclusion of every other business.

Don Pedro has quitted England, and there is no doubt that he will solicit the aid of France for the recovery of Portugal. There is as little doubt, we think, of his obtaining it. We are requested, however, by some intimate friends of Don Pedro, to state, that he did not leave this country without repeatedly and urgently pressing the necessity of preventing his having recourse to any other Power for aid; and that, after repeated applications, he waited upon an Illustrious Personage to state his anxious wish to obtain such aid or countenance from England, as would prevent him from applying to France.

The gallant Poles maintain their "righteous cause" with great spirit, although we grieve to add, sad anticipations are abroad as to their ultimate success.

Two young ladies, of the names of Bloomfield and Alderson, residing with their parents at Stamford Hill, died suddenly last week, in consequence of drinking water when heated with dancing.

OLNEY BRIDGE.—It appears that Olney Bridge, which is immortalized in Cowper's "Task," is nevertheless doomed to destruction. Its "wearisome but needful length" is about to be removed, and a new and handsome structure substituted.

A great seizure of contraband silks was

made last week at three houses in the city—one in Newgate Street, another in a lane near Cheapside, and the third in a court in Fleet Street. The value of the seizure is estimated at not less than 10,000*l*. The silks were, it has been ascertained, smuggled from France, but no clue has as

yet been found as to the manner in which they had been landed. They were packed up with great care in twenty-four large cases, which were evidently made in this country. The officers will have the whole of the profits arising from this enormous seizure.

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

### MORNING DRESS.

A DRESS of bright lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, *corsage uni*, and of a three-quarter height. The sleeve is of the *Medicis* form. *Pelerine en cœur*, made up to the throat, with a double falling collar. The *cœur* of the pelerine is formed by a triple row of embroidery. The collar square in front, but slightly pointed behind, is also embroidered. The apron is of pale *vapeur gros de Naples*, embroidered in green and yellow silk, immediately above a rouleau which encircles the border. The pockets, also embroidered, are of the reticule form. The hair is arranged in curls at the sides, and a full knot, which is brought rather forward in front. A tortoiseshell comb is placed at the back of the head, and a lace *fichu* arranged *en mar motti*, with ends of citron gauze riband, which are placed in contrary directions, completes the coiffure.

### WALKING DRESS.

A jaconot muslin dress; a white ground striped in green and citron colour. This is called the queen's pattern. The *corsage* is a three-quarter height, with sleeves *à la Marie*. India muslin *canesou en cœur*, embroidered in a chain pattern on the *corsage*, the lappel and the double epaulettes are pointed, and lightly embroidered; as is also the collar. The bonnet is a *capote à la modest* of rice straw, trimmed on the inside of the brim with a cluster of *coques* of pale straw-coloured gauze riband. Indian green gauze riband, with green and white aigrettes, adorn the crown.

### CARRIAGE DRESS.

A plain *chuly* dress, of a new fancy colour, between citron and *vapeur*. A low *corsage*, with a lappel which crosses in front, and turns back round the shoulders and bust, forming the first row of the mancherons, and a plain shallow pelerine, the lappel is scalloped and edged with dark fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, as are also the double epaulettes. The sleeve is of the *gigot* shape, but of extraordinary width at the top. The *chemisette* is high and square, drawn in three places across the bust, and

finished by a narrow *ruche* in *blond de fil*. The hat is of Swedish blue *moire*, trimmed under the brim with ornaments of cut riband to correspond. A curtain veil of blond lace edges the brim, and a bouquet of exotics, with *nœuds* of riband, also to correspond, adorns the crown.

### GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Cambric and jaconot muslin open *pe-lisses*, with a light embroidery down the fronts, and a pelerine of the same material, also embroidered, have been adopted for morning promenade dress, during the last month, by some very elegant women. It is, in fact, a lady-like dress for the breakfast-table, which the addition of a bonnet and scarf renders very appropriate for the promenade. The bonnet should be of *gros de Naples*, of the *capote* shape, drawn and trimmed with riband only, a round rosette composed of bows without ends, placed on one side of the crown, and at the bottom of the crown a small knot composed of cut ends. The scarf should be of gauze or crape of a small size, and to correspond with the colour of the bonnet.

Coloured muslins—we mean printed ones—are much in favour for half dress. We have seen some made for social dinner parties in a very novel and pretty style; the *corsage* was a three-quarter height, and crossed in front, with a lappel that turned back; it formed two sharp points, which crossed each other on the shoulder, and went round the back in the pelerine style. Long sleeves between the form of the *gigot* and the *imbecile*, but quite as large as the latter at the upper part. A light silk fringe of that kind called *effilé*, borders the lappel.

Silk is, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, still more fashionable than muslin in dinner dress, but we do not observe any novelty in the form of silk dresses. Many are worn with lace *canesous*, which are cut low, and pointed before and behind. If a *canesou* is not worn, a blond lace *sautoir* is thrown carelessly round the neck.

Blond lace caps continue in favour in

linner dress. We have lately seen some made in a more novel, but much less becoming, style than those we described last month; the trimming, which is very short at the ears, enlarges at the sides in the shape of a fan, and is much fuller and deeper than they have lately been worn. Some of these caps are trimmed with a sprig of flowers placed under the trimming on each side; others are trimmed with riband only; those of brocaded gauze are preferred; they are cut so as to form a wreath of foliage, narrow across the forehead, but thick at the sides.

We have seen a few evening dresses composed of clear muslin, embroidered round the border in feather stitch. The *arranges* were *en cœur*, the *cœur* formed by a triple row of English lace, arranged behind in *pelerine*. Short sleeves of the double bouffant kind, terminated with lace *manchettes à la Maintenon*. A band of gauze riband, with a knot behind, goes round the *manchette* at the upper edge, and the *manchette* of gauze riband to correspond, ties in long bows and ends at the side.

*Berets* of coloured gauze, lightly figured with silver, and trimmed with ostrich feathers, are very much worn for grand entertainments: for those of a more social description, the style of head-dress is very simple. A plain gauze, or *crape toque*, or *beret*, trimmed with an ornament of the crescent form, composed of riband, or else a riband *aigrette*, is generally adopted by matronly ladies. Young *belles* appear almost invariably *en cheveux*. Some have their hair arranged in the Chinese style, others *à la Madonna*, or disposed in curls at the sides; it is dressed behind in bows of a moderate and becoming height; but in whatever way the hair is dressed, a *ferro-nière*—that is a narrow plait of hair, with a small gold or jewelled ornament in front—is always adopted. The remaining accessories are one or more sprigs of flowers, or else a knot of ribands placed among the bows of the hind hair, and an ornamental comb.

The most fashionable colours are various shades of green, lavender bloom, rose colour, blue, fawn, and citron colour.

#### STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN AUGUST.

Open pelisses of citron, blue, and rose-coloured jaconot muslin are very much worn in promenade dress; they are made with a plain tight *corsage* and sleeves *à la Marie*, and simply finished with a broad hem all round. These dresses are also made in printed muslin; a narrow lace sewed flat at the edge of the pelisse is fre-

quently added, when it is composed of white muslin, or even of printed muslin with a white ground. Those dresses have for the most part a square falling collar, and a large *pelerine*.

Round dresses of white jaconot muslin are also much in favour for the public promenades, they are generally worn with embroidered *pelerines*. Sometimes the *pelerine* is double, the lower part very large, the upper of moderate size.

The brims of promenade bonnets are now very nearly of the same size and form as those of the hats worn in the winter. Watered silk bonnets are, upon the whole, most fashionable, but those of fine split straw, of a fancy material called *payne*, and of *Caston de Bristol*, are also worn by many elegant women.

Ribands are now only used to ornament undress bonnets, those for the public promenades being always trimmed with feathers; they are arranged in a bouquet, are from three to five in number, and placed always near the top of the crown.

Promenade scarfs are of two kinds, those of plain light coloured gauzes, and those of clear muslin worked in colours; the latter are most fashionable.

At the public exhibitions and the opera, where the most elegant style of half-dress prevails, the ladies appear, for the most part, in white dresses, which are remarkable only for the beauty and richness of their embroidery. We see also some open pelisses composed of clear muslin, very richly embroidered, and some open silk pelisses worn over embroidered muslin dresses; these latter pelisses are mostly made with double *pelerines*, which are cut round in scollops, and finished with a double cord of the same material as the dress; the fronts are also generally scolloped progressively, small at the waist, and larger towards the bottom.

Several half-dress hats are of coloured crape with white ostrich feathers, or *vice versa*; the brims are of a very open shape, and comparatively small, the crowns almost all of the helmet form; the feathers are in general disposed in a bouquet in front of the crown, to which they are attached by a rosette formed of a cluster of *coques* of gauze riband. The inside of the brim is trimmed with gauze riband arranged *en marmotte*, and edged with blond lace.

Hats of white watered silk or gauffered satin are also in favour, they are lined with coloured crape, and trimmed with a bouquet of field flowers, placed on one side, and falling in different directions.

A scarf of printed muslin, or of gauze, is

an indispensable appendage to half-dress; the former are more worn for the morning exhibitions, the latter for the theatres. The most elegant of the first have green grounds, and a border in detached bouquets of flowers and foliage of their natural colours. The borders of gauze scarfs are in general embroidered in Turkish or Grecian patterns in coloured silks.

Some ladies of distinguished taste have

recently appeared in evening dress with white crape gowns, the *corsage*, cut low and square, was nearly covered by a brace *en cœur*, composed of gauze ribands; the *ceinture* of ribands to correspond, fastened at the side in bows, with long floating ends.

Fashionable colours are rose-colour of different shades, particularly wild rose, lilac, sky blue, and various shades of fawn and citron colour.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

In Charles Street, Berkeley Square, the lady of Charles Douglas Halford, Esq. of a son. The wife of William Corfield, Esq. of Bolton Row, May Fair, of a son. The lady of Mr. Edward Federau, of a son. In Chatham Place, Mrs. Shirley, of a daughter. At Weymouth, the lady of Captain Todd, 3d Dragoon Guards, of a son. The lady of Dr. Hall, of a daughter.

### MARRIAGES.

At Chiswick, the Rev. James Robertson, A.M. to Miss Maria Hansard, of Turnham Green, daughter of the late Major Hansard. At Edmonton, Matthew Culley, Esq. of Coupland Castle, Northumberland, to Margaret Ann, youngest daughter of Edward Tewart, Esq. Southgate Park, Middlesex. At St. Olave's, Southwark, Magnus Johnsson Stewart, Esq. to Sophia Mary, only daughter of Mr. George Langley, of St. Olave's. At St. George's, Hanover Square, J. Eden Spalding, Esq. only son of Lady Brougham by her late husband, to the Hon. Mary Wilhelmina Upton, only daughter of Lord Viscount Templetown. At Watford, M. W. Andrews, Esq. of Arlington Street, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Day, Esq. of Watford, Herts. At Axminster, Devon, Henry Karslake, Esq. of Regent Street, London, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Day, Esq. of Robert Street, Bedford Row. At Stockport, Isaac Hodgson, Esq. to Elizabeth Lee Clarke, daughter of the late George Hyde Clarke, Esq. of Hyde Hall, Cheshire. William Anning, Esq. of Hungerford, Wilts, to Ann, daughter of the late John Toms, Esq. of London. At Trinity Church, Marylebone, H. P. Boyce, of Upper Wimpole Street, to Caroline, fourth daughter of the late T. V. Cooke, Esq. of Hertford Street. At All Soul's Church, Langham Place, the Right Hon. Lord Charles Paulet, second son of the Marquis of Winchester, to Caroline Margaret, third daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart. By special license, at Walston Church, the

Most Noble George Augustus Francis, Marquis of Hastings, to the Right Hon. Barbara, Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, of Brandon Hall, Warwickshire.

### DEATHS.

On the 13th ult. at Southampton, in the 53d year of his age, Lieutenant-Colonel Oke, late of the 61st Regiment of Foot. In Beaumont Street, London, Mrs. M. Heyland, relict of the late Rowley Heyland, Esq. of Glenoak, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. In Thomas Street, Horse-lydown, Mrs. Grace Clift, at the advanced age of 85. In the Camberwell New Road, aged 31, Elizabeth, wife of John Allen, Esq. At her brother's, in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury, Miss Ann Bayley. In Chester Place, aged 58, J. W. Longman, Esq. At his house on Stamford Hill, Sir Daniel Williams, Knt. Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Tower Hamlets Militia, and a very active Police Magistrate of Lambeth Street Police Office, Whitechapel, for more than thirty-two years, in the 79th year of his age. In the 61st year of her age, Mrs. Elspet Tilley, wife of Mr. William Tilley, of Long Acre. At Belchester, near Coldstream, George St. Clair, son of George Dickson, Esq. At Hornsey, Jacob Warner, Esq. aged 84. Samuel Smith, Esq. of Homerton. At Hemel Hempstead, aged 23, Henry, second son of J. Hamilton, Esq. Of an inflammatory fever, on board his Majesty's ship *Madagascar*, of Nauplia, Hon. Wentworth Ponsonby, second son of Viscount Duncannon, aged 18. In Berkeley Square, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart. aged 75. He is succeeded in his title by his son, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. M.P. for Westminster. In Dublin, in the 86th year of his age, John, Earl of Norbury, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland. His second son, Hector John Toler, succeeds to the earldom. His lordship's eldest son succeeded to the Baroncy of Norwood on the death of his father.